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FRONTISPIECE.



THE DROIDS ALTAR,

near BINGLEY from the N.W.

*The Peck which yet retains the Altar's name,
 Had long ere paid and mighty was its fame,
 There 'tis presumed, the mistle was laid
 While to their unknown God the Druids prayd:*

AIRDALE,
in ancient times,
(ELWOOD AND ELYNA)
The Poacher,
and other Poems.
 BY JOHN NICHOLSON.



Waterfall at Goit-Stock near Bingley.

LONDON.

Sold by Seely & Son, 169, Fleet Street,
 W. Jones, & Lovell's Court, Paternoster Row, & J. Ollivier, 44 Newgate St.
 1825.

AIREDALE IN ANCIENT TIMES,

ELWOOD AND ELVINA,

THE POACHER, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

O come to my cottage and view
What feathers I have for my wings,
And then you will own there are few
In my station durst strike at the strings.

LONDON :

SOLD BY SEELEY AND SON, 169, FLEET-STREET;
W. JONES, 5, LOVELL'S-COURT, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND
J. OFFOR, 44, NEWGATE-STREET.

1825.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

PRINTED BY G. AND E. NICHOLSON, BRADFORD.

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TO THE
SUBSCRIBERS,

AND

THE INHABITANTS OF AIREDALE IN GENERAL,

THE FOLLOWING SHEETS

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS A

TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

775579

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE source of the river Aire is in the district of Craven, in the West-Riding of the county of York, and it pursues its meandering course, through a valley remarkable for its romantic scenery. The stupendous rocks of GORDALE-SCAR, have been the objects of admiration to those who have visited the mountains of Palestine, and of the deserts of Arabia, and may be truly said to beggar all description. Contiguous to them is MALHAM-COVE, which, rearing its bold overhanging front nearly three hundred feet in height, strikes the beholder with awe! Pursuing its course from the feet of these declivities, through a distance of twenty miles, the river seems to shew a reluctance, by a thousand turns, to quit a valley of such extent, and clothed with the richest verdure. About twelve miles from its source stands

SKIPTON, which, with its eminent castle, was a place of some note in former times. There are churches in Craven which have existed since the days of the Saxons, grey with age, and furrowed over with time. Twenty miles down the valley is situated the town of BINGLEY, where the scenery assumes a softer appearance; yet this is the most beautiful part of AIREDALE: the hills are clothed with woods, the growth of centuries, and here is all the scenery of Craven in miniature. The grey rocks, once the altars of the Druids, rear their time-worn heads above the dark brown heath; and the valley, beautifully diversified, is remarkable for some of the finest echoes that can be conceived!—while the river, broad and deep, peacefully winds its serpentine course through its bosom, till at last it expands its surface, and seems in haste to leave the delightful scenery from which it is compelled to part. Lower down stands KIRKSTALL, once a far-famed monastery of the Benedictine Monks, and still one of the finest ruins in the kingdom; below which, is the populous and flourishing town of LEEDS, which may truly be said to be the emporium of the county of York.

Such is a bird's-eye view of the local scenery of AIREDALE, which forms the subject of the first piece in the following pages.

The reader, who has looked into Dr. Whitaker's History of Craven, will easily recognize the chivalrous exploits of the Cliffords and the Percies of olden time, in the burden of the song of ELWOOD AND ELVINA. The only remark the Author has to make is, that, as the piece never pleased himself, he can have little hope of its pleasing his readers. The plot was originally good,—but, having written a few verses at various distant intervals, the archetypes faded from his mind, so that there is, in its present state, scarcely an outline discernable of the original design. He prints it, therefore, more in compliance with the wishes of his friends, than from any opinion he has of its merit.

Of the piece entitled THE POACHER, the Author begs to state, that it is founded upon fact. The incidents are taken from real life, in which the imagination had little to do, except to aid in turning them into verse.

Of the few trifles which follow, it is needless to speak. The whole Volume deprecates the severity of criticism, and claims that indulgence, which the Author is confident would be extended to him, were the circumstances known under which it has been written. The truth is, that it is the production of one self taught, and living from his childhood on the edge of a wild uncultivated moor—the rocks his summers' evening study, and a few borrowed books his sole companions—destined, too, to labour for the support of a numerous family—deprived of all intercourse with the literary world, and even destitute of the opportunities of knowing what passes in it.

The only apology he has to make for presenting himself at the bar of the public, in the character of an Author, is, that, in his boyish days he had a fondness for making rhymes, and has continued to indulge it ever since—that some of his rude essays, about two years ago, got into the hands of a few friends, who thought more favourably of them than the writer could do, and, by exerting themselves to procure subscribers to a volume, have now brought his productions

before the public, in a form and shape which he never contemplated; yet, were he to indulge his own feelings, he would still retreat into his wonted privacy.

The publication has been delayed so long beyond the time appointed for its appearance, that he feels an apology due to his subscribers; and this he hopes they will accept, when informed, that the delay has not been caused by himself, but has been occasioned by a most melancholy occurrence, namely, the untimely death (by hydrophobia) of the gentleman who had undertaken to furnish the engravings, and which made it necessary for him to employ another artist. Having offered these explanations, he now submits his feeble efforts to the candour of his friends, trusting they will exercise that forbearance, which a mind, sensibly alive to feelings of gratitude, cannot fail to appreciate.

Hewnden, April 9, 1825.

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AIREDALE

IN ANCIENT TIMES.

THO' greatest Bards have sung most earthly things,
And scarcely left me room to touch the strings,
Yet humbly would I from the crowd retire,
And strike, tho' feebly, the responsive lyre.
By Nature's hand, O, may my harp be strung,
While I attempt the Vale that ne'er was sung!
Spirit of Ancient Times! my genius turn
To scenes long past—and make my fancy burn!
Genius of Hist'ry! Learning's loveliest maid,
Around me let thy mantle be display'd;—
Let all thy pow'rs together be combin'd,
My soul t' illumine, and support my mind!

Lead me, O Muse, along Aire's winding course,
To sing of Gordale—its tremendous source,
Where terror sits, and scorns the poet's pen,
The painter's pencil,—all the pow'rs of men :
Where sons of Science oft confounded stand,
To view this wonder of the Almighty's hand !
Here, in dark shade, the rifted rocks appear,
The bursting cataracts assail the ear ;
Projecting masses to the clouds are pil'd, .
And grandeur revels in her palace wild !
E'en those that to description would aspire,
Gaze mute with awe, and silently retire.
Here fierce banditti once securely slept,
And joyous revel'd, while the plunder'd wept.
We now, secure, these awful cliffs survey,
Nor dread to fall the base assassin's prey.

But softer scenes on Malham Water view,
When its smooth breast reflects the azure blue ;
Or when the skiffs, departing from its shore,
Convey the lovely nymphs of Craven o'er,

The still lake ruffled by each rower's stroke,
And its smooth surface into surges broke,—
The circling woods return their cheerful song,
As nymphs and swains harmonious glide along ;
While at the flies the glitt'ring fishes bound,
And twice ten thousand eddies circle round.
Anon 'tis ruffled like the foam-white sea,
Then smooth as glass, reflecting ev'ry tree ;
The lofty fells upon its breast are seen,
Brown here with heath, and there with brackens green ;
Health, rosy Health, diseases drives away,
And Pleasure loves amid those scenes to stray.

Firm fixed near, like the great throne of Jove,
Stands, rudely great, old Malham's lofty Cove,
From whence, in storms, the bursting streams are hurl'd,
Met by the winds, to misty vapours whirl'd.
Here the brave Percies, foremost in the chace,
Were follow'd by the sons of Clifford's race ;
Listers and Tempest, on the jocund morn,
Obey'd the cheerful summons of the horn :

Mallhams and Martons, on their hunters fleet,
Scatter'd the moorland moss beneath their feet,—
Rode down the rocky hills with rapid force,
And still undaunted held their ardent course,
While nodding antlers of the mountain deer
Topp'd the high hills,—the hounds, the hunters near;
Next took the vale, and with ambition tried
Which rider durst o'erleap Aire's infant tide.
The shepherds in the valley left their flocks,
Mounted the hills, and shouted on the rocks.
But, O! how soon does human greatness fall!
What years has ruin dwelt in Cliffords' hall!
The lord, the baron, and the warrior still,
And mute the horn on Elso's lofty hill!

The sons of Craven now are happier far,—
No Pictish warriors wage the cruel war,
As when the sons of Gargrave sallied forth
To meet the fierce invaders from the north;
When on the shields the battle-axes rung,
Spears broke, helms cleft, and many a bow was strung:

Death thro' Northumbria's fields had mark'd their way,
And mothers wept where lifeless fathers lay;
Friends, kindred, lovers, on the earth expir'd,
Their dwellings plunder'd, and their churches fir'd;
The holy crucifix away was borne,
And from the shrines the sacred relies torn;
The sacramental wine they rudely quaff'd,
Smil'd o'er the flames, and at destruction laugh'd!

But when these hordes arriv'd at Craven's height,
The sons of Gargrave met them in the fight;
Percy and Garri made a noble stand,
And fought their three-fold numbers hand to hand.
His well-tried sword brave Garri whirl'd around,
And brought three Pictish leaders to the ground;
The blade of Percy bore the fray so well,
Beneath his arm five Northern warriors fell,
Their helms he cleft with many a mighty stroke,—
His temper'd weapon bent—but never broke.
No banner wav'd, no trumpets sounded clear,
T' inspire their breasts—'twas silent conflict there

The brackens green, where the hot battle burn'd,
To crimson with the warriors' gore were turn'd:
But soon of Percy's band but ten remain'd,—
The mountain stream with streaks of blood was stain'd;
The deep-dy'd waters crept, meand'ring slow,
As loth to tell the tragic tale below;
There many a wounded youth, oppress'd with pain,
Laid on the earth—their pillows were the slain.

With conquest fir'd, the Northerns sallied down,
To plunder Gargrave's lone deserted town;
The blazing brands within the church they hurl'd,
And soon the flames around the altar curl'd,
While from the burning roof the molten lead
Dropp'd on the ancient tombstones of the dead;
The blood-red sun sunk slowly in the west,
As by the dreadful scene of woe oppress'd:
But plunder ceas'd not in the shades of night,
The blazing ruins lent a baleful light,
Till Skipton's sons appear'd, with banners red,—
The Piets beheld their glitt'ring arms and fled!

What little cause have moderns to complain,
Throughout our isle!—no native warriors slain;
Our fertile vallies, in improving charms,
With Commerce smile, secure from war's alarms.
How chang'd, since Skipton's ancient town arose,
Their country's strength, and terror of its foes!
Where Meschinès, the long-ejected heir,
Led to the altar Cicily the Fair,
Obtaining thus, what many a life had cost,
With his fair bride, the lands his fathers lost;—
All those domains which Edwin once possess'd,
Where fam'd Romili fix'd his place of rest.
By ancient chiefs to Skipton then were brought,
The arms with which the Norman warriors fought;
Cuirass and corslet, helm and brigantine,
Worn by the warriors of the Norman line,
Bows, quivers, darts, and many a massive spear,
Lances and swords, have oft been polish'd there;
Banners, which wav'd when shields and helmets rung,
Were all to Skipton brought, and safely hung

High in the tow'r, as in a place of trust,
Now wasted all, and worn away with rust.
Here, gorgeous, glitter'd, once in days of old,
Satins of various dyes, adorn'd with gold;
The ladies' vests with gems were spangled o'er,
And silver'd robes the ancient Cliffords wore;
Their hangings were of silk, with silver ting'd,
And velvet canopies with gold were fring'd;
Whole butts of wine were in the cellar stow'd,
And there the silver vessels oft o'erflow'd,
Upon each dish the dragon was pourtray'd,
And underneath a gory lion laid,
Warriors and arms were 'graven on the plate,
To show their fathers wish'd them to be great;
Upon their cups, emboss'd, was many a shield,
And this strong charge— " Let Cliffords never yield!"
Upon the wall their bright steel armour hung,
With dimples mark'd, where many a spear had rung.
Here many a sumptuous lordly feast was kept,
And ladies here o'er warriors slain have wept;

Here lords have hunted o'er their wide domains,
Mounted the rocks, and gallop'd o'er the plains ;
Here ancient sports, and many a Northern bard,
Pass'd not unheeded nor without regard ;
Here many a night of jollity has been,
And festive mirth was stamp'd on every scene :
But how can scenes of cent'ries long gone by,
With all the ancient feats of chivalry,
Their feuds, their battles, revelry and sport,
Their imitations of the Monarch's court ;
Their priests, rever'd, by superstition fed,
Who, they believ'd, could liberate the dead ;
The sieges which the lofty tow'rs sustain'd,
Till on their tops no battlement remain'd ;
Their great possessors, since the Norman king?—
Crowd all at once—too much for me to sing :
Then, O forgive a feeble rustic bard,
When he admits the mighty task too hard !
Yet here, alone, to pass some pensive hours,
In walking round these desolated tow'rs,

Where late such greatness and such valour dwelt,
Reflection, sure, the hardest heart would melt.

But to the vale I'll turn, where Aire winds slow,
And its pure waters scarcely seem to flow ;
Where cattle fed, and scarce a wall was seen,
But all one wide extended park of green ;
Or, when the native butter-flow'rets blew,
The valley shone in robes of golden hue,
The mountain's side with ash was spotted o'er,
Which Nature planted centuries before ;
Above, the huge grey rocks, which ne'er had broke
Since the creation with the hammer's stroke,
Where prickly furze for ages blossom'd round,
And the brown heath the lofty mountains crown'd,
From whence the crystal rills did gushing flow,
To seek repose within the vale below ;
Where the young shepherds sought the cooling shade,
And underneath the far spread branches laid,
Tun'd their sweet pipes, their flock all grazing round,
While their lov'd nymphs stood list'ning to the sound.

Then near some lonely grange upon the green,
Where the old yew-trees had for cent'ries been,
In rural bliss the loving pairs would play,
And quite forget the labours of the day,—
Sing of some ancient warriors whom they knew,
Firm to their king, and to their country true;
Or of some maid, who lov'd, but could not gain
The fickle heart of her too haughty swain,—
How oft she wander'd in the fields alone,
Till reason and her beauty all were gone.
They sung, till tears stood trembling in each eye,
And not a heart was there but heav'd a sigh.
Next, on his staff, oppress'd with weight of years,
The father comes, and calls them in to pray'rs;
His reverend looks they dare not disobey,—
The worst from ev'ning worship could not stay:
Then from his heart the Pater Noster flows,—
He worships God as truly as he knows;
No new fanatics can with him compare,
In true devotion, and the fervent pray'r.

But I must sing of scenes more ancient still,
When off'rings smok'd upon the rocky hill;
In days long past, when, circled round with wood,
The lowly huts of pristine warriors stood,
Where the majestic oaks their branches spread,
And for the Druids form'd a sacred shade,—
Who, at one period of the changing year,
Did for their deep, imposing rites prepare.
White as the snow their sacred vests appear'd ;—
They as the Gods' vicegerents were rever'd.
On ev'ry hill the milk-white beasts were sought;
When found, with joy they to the groves were brought.
Then virgins eull'd the flow'rs with greatest care,
To strive who could the richest wreath prepare ;
While to the harps of bards the peasants sung,
And round the beasts the rosy garlands hung.
The rock, which yet retains the Altar's name,
Had honours paid, and mighty was its fame.
There, 'tis presum'd, the misletoe was laid,
While to their unknown God the Druids pray'd ;

There were domestic quarrels made to cease,
And foes at variance thence return'd in peace.
Unlike the various priests of modern days,
So diff'rent, that they teach a thousand ways;
And tho' they boast superior knowledge giv'n,
Who knows but Druids taught the way to heav'n?
Then all returning from the Altar's height,
Some fill'd with awe, some smiling with delight,
While ancient bards, as slow they mov'd along,
Touch'd their wild harps, and this their artless song:—

Now with the Gods our peace is made,
No witch's spell or charm
Can make our hawthorn blossoms fade,
Our flock or herbage harm.

Safe from the wolf and furious boar
We rest another year;
No fox shall take our feather'd store,
Or make our springs less clear.

No fairy climb the lofty oak,
The sacred plant * to kill;
No warrior wear a bloody cloak,
Or fall upon the hill.

No eagle, from the stormy north,
Shall our young lambs destroy;
Nor hawk nor raven shall come forth,
To blast our rural joy.

But ev'ry thing we want is ours,
Bestow'd by bounteous heav'n,
And falls like fruitful rain in show'rs,
If for them praise be giv'n.

Oft on the hills, to chace the dappled deer,
The painted Britons would in troops appear;
Swift as the hind they bounded o'er the plain—
The sportive chace was then their only gain.

* Mistletoe.

They knew not then the sickle, scythe, nor hoe ;
No panting oxen labour'd at the plough :
Their flocks and herds were then their only store,
They liv'd content, nor knew, nor wish'd for more.
But, if their chiefs had struck upon the shield,
And call'd their warriors to the embattled field,
They left their homes, and all their rural charms,
And o'er their painted shoulders threw their arms :
The British virgins, while their bows were strung,
Join'd with the native bards, while thus they sung : —

Britain! the land by Gods belov'd,
The land of warriors brave,
Who ever meet their foes unmov'd,
Nor dread the hero's grave.

By barbarous foes unconquer'd still,
The pastures yet our own ;
And ours the grove and sacred hill,
While Cuno * wears the crown.

* Cunobuline, a British Prince.

The northern nations, fierce, may come,
To waste our fruitful field ;
But those shall rue they left their home,
And soon to Britons yield.

Arm, warriors, arm ! your children call—
The Gods will give you aid ;
Before your spears your foes shall fall,
The mighty army fade !

Arm, warriors, arm ! your all defend—
The highland foe is near !
Let all upon the Gods depend,
And strangers be to fear !

With quivers fill'd, and brazen spears,
With trumpets loud and strong,
Rush to the fight—the foe appears,
But foes shall not be long.

So 'twas of old, one dreadful day,
Which ancient bards did sing,
When mighty warriors fled away,
Like hawks upon the wing.

Fierce were our foes,—the savage boar
Had lent its bristled hide,
Which they for barb'rous helmets wore,
With various colours dy'd.

Upon their breasts, imagin'd beasts
And monsters were pourtray'd ;
The highland skins, with labour dress'd,
Was then their tartan plaid.

Dreadfully grim the van appear'd,
A far extended line ;
From wing to wing their spears, uprear'd,
Did bright as silver shine.

The Britons waited not to view
Or study dangers o'er ;
But in their scythe-arm'd chariots flew,
And stain'd their arms in gore.

The conflicts on the fields of Troy
To this were but a fray ;
Each Grecian warrior but a boy,
To those who fought that day.

No room to bear the banners high ;
No breath to give command ;
No heart to fear, no way to fly ;
But warrior hand to hand !

Swords cut like saws, and broke in twain,
And spears as crimson red,
Were strew'd all o'er the bloody plain,
Or grasped by the dead.

Thus sung the bards—and at their words,
At once the warriors drew
From brazen sheaths their glitt'ring swords,
And to the conflict flew.

Thus, when the Picts or Romans came in sight,
The Britons rush'd like torrents to the fight;
Their chariot wheels with glitt'ring scythes were hung,
And from each car were darts and arrows flung;
Death mark'd the way where'er the chariots turn'd,
And round each chief the bloody battle burn'd:
But if the artful cohorts gain'd the field,
The Britons made the woods their nightly shield,
And when the Romans thought the battle won,
They found, next morn, the conflict scarce begun.
Thus Britons fought,—Boadicea led,
And on the slain the wolves and eagles fed.

Say, winding Aire, ye rocks, ye woods, and hills,
How you were stain'd—and how your crystal rills

Ran crimson'd with your native warriors' blood,
When on the heights the Roman eagles stood,
When Olicano's rocky station rose,
And Britain bow'd, reluctant, to her foes !
But now, could Greece her ancient grandeur gain,
Could Roman chiefs once more resume their reign ;
Could Cæsar leap on shore t' invade our land,
And all his legions pour upon the strand ;
Should Alexander, with his mighty host,
With Xerxes in the rear—all threat'ning boast
To bring the myriads of their warriors here,
The troops of Waterloo would never fear,
For one dread day like that at Trafalgar,
Had brought to peace the ten years' Trojan war !

O, Nature ! be my muse—to touch the scene
Of Bingley's glories, which long since have been ;
When in full splendour were its ancient halls,
And high achievements grac'd their massy walls ;
When oaks, which now the whirlwind's force withstand,
Had bent to earth beneath an infant's hand,

Where winding Aire, enamour'd of the place,
Moves on so slow, it seems to stop and gaze ;—
To leave the scene the glitt'ring river mourns,
And shows reluctance in its varied turns,
'Till, forc'd at last, it rushes down the steep,
Turns into rage, as if too proud to weep!

Could I but call some venerable shade,
Whose earthly part a thousand years has laid
Within the tomb, in silent, soft repose,
Perhaps it might such things as these disclose :—
Where rolls the stream above yon sacred fane,
And where the hills, in 'Time's all-wasting reign,
Have chang'd their forms ; while, struggling for its way,
The furious flood has torn a part away
Of yonder fields, which bear a Castle's name,—
There once a Castle stood, tho' lost to fame :
But, safely shelter'd from the feudal rage,
It gain'd no place in the historian's page ;
And as the greatest temples rise and fall,
So none can tell where stood its ancient hall ;

Its gothic arches and the strong-built keep,
Within th' adjacent floods are buried deep ;
The strong foundations of its lofty tow'rs,
Crumbled to sand, and wash'd away with show'rs !

The river's course a thousand times has chang'd,
Since on its banks the ancient Druids rang'd.
The fords, which once the Roman cohorts cross'd,
Fill'd up with sand, are now for ever lost.
The course now fields, where once the river ran—
Emblem of empires, and of changing man !
The streams of Science once thro' Egypt flow'd,
When Thebes in all its ancient grandeur glow'd ;
Then left the margin of the fruitful Nile,
Cross'd o'er to Greece, and made great Athens smile.
Athens and Corinth fell—and Rome appear'd,
Stretch'd forth her empire, and no danger fear'd,
Till Gothic ignorance, with her sable robe
Of darkest superstition, wrapt the globe.
Then bigot Fury rear'd its hydra head ;
Then Science sunk, and all the Muses fled

To their own shades, and there for cent'ries mourn'd,
Nor to Parnassus have they yet return'd :
At length on earth again they deign'd to smile,
And fix'd their residence on Albion's isle.

But stop, my Muse—haste, not so far away !
I'll woo thee in my native vale to stay.—
Its beauties be thy theme—the woods and dells,
Sequester'd bow'rs, and sweet melodious bells ;
The flow'r-deck'd lawn, the distant heath-crown'd hills,
Stupendous rocks, and softly-murm'ring rills ;
The woodland echoes, whisp'ring in the trees,
Or floating loudly on the fitful breeze ;
Where nought of sameness the charm'd sight offends,
But ev'ry scene the former scene transcends ;
Where rocks in rich variety are dress'd,
Some in the grey, and some the auburn vest ;
Where varying Nature gives the lovely tinge,
And on the banks suspends the mossy fringe.
But where's the bard can sing of Bingley's vale,
And never once in his descriptions fail ?

'Tis here the modest snow-drop first appears,
Drooping its head, and wet with icy tears,
Like some poor bard, unknown to public fame,
It shrinks and withers on its native stem.
And here the primrose, from its mossy bed,
Silver'd with dew, lifts up its lovely head,
Where springing woodbine to the hazel cleaves,
With snow still pressing down its velvet leaves.
How pleasant here to walk, when daisies spring,
While the sweet bells in tuneful changes ring,
When ev'ry tone the echoing woods receive,
And thus delightfully the ear deceive,
Reverberating, mellow, sweet, and clear,
As tho' a far more duleet peal was there !

Could I describe the days of olden time,
When first this valley heard the varying chime ;—
I hear them yet—am present at the hour
When zealous crowds from ev'ry village pour,
At early morn, upon the holy day,
To worship God, confess their sins, and pray.

No bigot sects come proudly, faults to find,
But all one creed, one doctrine, heart, and mind.
The Church, establish'd, is their fav'rite place,
And rev'rence dwells on ev'ry varied face.
The manor's lord, with all his household, comes,—
His honest tenants leave their distant homes ;
The rural peasant takes his frugal wife,
And ev'ry child, without religious strife.
The aged come, with years of labour worn,
Nor stop, tho' distant, on the holy morn.
The daughter here an aged mother bears,
Supports her steps, her fainting spirits cheers,
And there the son leads on his pious sire,
Warm'd with devotion's purest, holiest fire.
'Tis rev'rence all—no lightsome smile appears,
See them, and blush, ye modern worshippers !
Your fathers met their Maker to adore,
Devoutly read the Vulgate verses o'er,
And from the priest words of affection flow'd—
He pray'd. he wept—until the list'ning crowd

Melted to tears; and tears that were not feign'd,
Like crystal drops, from all the audience rain'd.
Such were the days when churchies were rebuilt,
Tho' days of darkness, not so great their guilt.

Tho' history has shaded o'er with crimes
The long past period of the feudal times,
Here foreign luxuries were yet unknown,
And all they wish'd was in the valley grown, —
Their wholesome food was butter, cheese, and milk,
And Airedale's ladies never shone in silk,
The line they grew their own soft hands prepar'd,
The wool unneeded to the poor was spar'd ;—
But few the poor, unless by age oppress'd,
At little rent some acres each possess'd.
When from the fields the golden sheaves were led,
The lovely fair could glean their winter's bread ;
The husbandman could to his cottage bear
The wither'd boughs, his frugal hearth to cheer,
Or oft at eve his willow basket, stor'd
With wholesome viands from his lib'ral lord ;

Or did he want for Lent a proper dish,
Aire's silv'ry streams produc'd unnumber'd fish;
Their fruitful boughs the mellow apples bore,
And plum trees bended with the sable store;—
The ills which crowded population brings,
Had never broke, sweet rural bliss, thy wings!
Then on the green the nymphs and swains would dance,
Or, in a circle, tell some old romance,
And all the group would seriously incline
To hear of Saracens and Palestine,—
Of knights in armour of each various hue,
Of ladies left, some false, and others true.
Their pure descriptions show'd how warriors bled,
How virgins wept to hear of warriors dead,
The furious steeds swift rushing to the war,
The turban'd Turks, the bloody scymitar,
The cross-mark'd banners on the lofty height,
The impious struck with terror at the sight!
Then told what spectres grim were seen to glide
Along this dale, before its heroes died,

Then mark'd their fall within the holy vale,
Describ'd them, lifeless, in their coats of mail,—
Told how some lady, frantic with despair,
Shriek'd, as she plung'd into the deeps of Aire,
When tidings reach'd her from the holy land,
That her lov'd lord laid deep in Jordan's sand,—
And how her shrieks flew echoing thro' the wood,
While her rich jewels glitter'd in the flood!
Thus happy they their summer's evening spent,
Parted in peace, and homeward singing went,
Their voices, soft as th' Æolian strings,
Flew to sweet Echo on the haleyon's wings.
Such was this vale when Kirkstall's glories shone,
And who can help but sigh that they are gone?

'Tis pleasant yet to see how ivy clings
Around the walls where night birds clap their wings;
A solemn awe pervades the feeling breast,
'To view the sacred earth with ruins press'd,—
'The fallen arch, the shatter'd tow'r on high,
Remind us of the days and years gone by;

Imagination sees the whole entire,—
The smoke yet curling in the ancient quire,
And slowly as their clouds of incense roll,
The fragrant grateful scent perfumes the whole,
While the great organ, solemn, deep, and strong,
Joins with the worshippers in ancient song ;—
Beholds the Abbot in his robes array'd,
The altar wet, where once Turgusius pray'd,
The tapers burning, till each holy shrine
More brilliant than the thrones of monarchs shine.
The glitt'ring cross, the virgin's image there,
Before the imagination all appear ;
The veiled nuns, on some grand solemn night,
Rang'd on each side, their vests of purest white.
Tho' centuries intervene, yet fancy hears
The Abbot reading o'er the latin pray'rs ;—
How still—how awful ! as the solemn strain
Now swells, and now to whispers falls again !
Till the Te Deum, bursting from the crowd,
Sounds like the seas, when winds and waves are loud,

In all the diapasons deep or clear,
Man could invent, or his weak passions bear !
The spot where once the gorgeous shrine was seen,
Is cover'd with a mossy robe of green ;
Elms in the cloisters grow, and like a pall,
Hide the fine mouldings of the southern wall ;
Upon the place where many a knight lies low,
Weeds, nettles, and the baneful nightshade grow,
While on the cornice wildly waves the fern,
Like verdant plumes, in many a graceful turn.

How chang'd is Kirkstall, since to ruin turn'd,
And slow departing the last Abbot mourn'd ;
When ancient records, kept with pious care,
Clung to the boughs which overhung the Aire,
Or, toss'd in flames, or into pieces torn,
Like autumn leaves upon the winds were borne ;
Its income gone, and lost its fruitful land,
Which was bequeath'd by many a dying hand ;
The granges ruin'd, and the cattle sold,
The sheep remov'd to a far distant fold ;

All that was good and precious swept away,
And desolation seiz'd it as its prey !
Of all its wealth the once fam'd place bereft,
And but the walls were to the artist left,
While many a pensive stranger, passing by,
Stops to admire, then leaves them with a sigh !

The scenes how chang'd, since Loides' castle stood
Encircled by the ancient park and wood !
Where streets are now, the shining pheasants flew,
Or cattle cropt the daisies clos'd with dew ;
Commerce, to Albion's modern sons so dear,
Had never spread her golden pinions there.
Where churches stand, some centuries ago,
The swift-wing'd arrow left the archer's bow,—
A village small, no vessel then could ride,
The sails unfurling in commercial pride,
A place of little note and scarcely known,
Whose fame now widely spreads thro' ev'ry zone,
The village youth then heard but Kirkstall's bells,
And rustics sported where the organ swells :

Where now extends the great commercial street,
The virgins pluck'd the hawthorn blossoms sweet,
And where the spacious public halls are seen,
In times remote was once the village green,
Where noontide hours, and many a summer's night,
Were danc'd away with feelings of delight.
Upon the hills where oaks for cent'ries grew,
Years, undisturb'd, the glossy pheasants flew ;
Partridge and hares in ev'ry field were bred,
And never fell, struck by the murd'ring lead.
From aged furze, or from the lonely rocks,
Oft nightly wander'd forth the wily fox,
The vallies echo'd on the early morn,
With hounds, with huntsman, and the cheerful horn ;
Then, as they cross'd the vale, fleet as the air,
Forsaken, lagg'd behind, old wrinkled Care,
Joy join'd the chace, and cheer'd each sportive mind,
And Sorrow there could no companion find.
The life-inspiring cries the hunter knew,
And from each breast dark melancholy flew ;

Pleasure and Mirth the foremost led the chace,
And rosy Health was shining on each face.

With all our modern concerts, parties, balls,
Assembly rooms, our theatres and halls,
Are we more happy than the ancient lord,
With good October sparkling on his board,
His warriors round him, and the tuneful lyre
Strung by the bards, who sung his valiant sire ; —
A lady lov'd, who strove her lord to please,
A priest at hand his troubled breast to ease ?
One wife he lov'd, the chace, and moral song, —
No follies broke his constitution strong ;
His guests true hearted, each a warrior brave,
And not a heart but scorn'd to be a slave.
To-day they to the chace or feasting yield,
To-morrow duty calls them to the field.
With learning unrefin'd, they knew no fear,
When front to front they met the shining spear.

Such were the sons of Leeds when Towton's plain
Was crimson'd o'er with thirty thousand slain ;
Their king they lov'd, and for their king they died,
While Wharf's clear stream roll'd on a purple tide ;
And such must modern lords of Britain be,
If Britain conquer, and if Britain's free !

ELWOOD AND ELVINA.

PART I.

WHEN York and Lancaster, enrag'd,
Contended for the crown,
And brothers furiously engag'd
To cut their kindred down;

The flags with roses white and red,
Wav'd wildly on the gale,
And many a noble warrior laid
Deep wounded, cold, and pale.

Then devastation, fierce and dread,
Ran frantic in the field,
And rage uplifted ev'ry arm,
As all refus'd to yield.

Then did young Elwood first appear,
A valiant noble knight,
With cuirass, helmet, shield, and spear,
Well armed for the fight.

Upon his sable foaming steed
He gallantly could ride,
And with his sword, at swiftest speed,
The leaden ball divide.

The fierce black troop of Craven horse,
Was Elwood's to command,
And they were dauntless youths as took
The sword or spear in hand.

Each warrior, in a coat of mail,
Like mighty Hector stood,
The lion couchant on each helm,
With feet deep dy'd in blood.

Upon their shields the eagle spread
Its wings extended far,
And underneath its talons laid
The implements of war.

Caparison'd in links of wire,
The sable chargers pranc'd ;
Their nostrils smok'd, their eyes were fire,
As they impatient danc'd

To the shrill trumpet's piercing sound ;
And from the silver'd rein,
Toss'd in the air the foam around,
While prancing o'er the plain.

Firm as their native rocks the line,—
The terror of their foes ;
And on their breast-plates bright did shine,
In polish'd steel, the rose.

Such was the troop young Elwood led,
From his castle old and strong,
Where the fair partner of his bed
Was prais'd in ev'ry song.

Sprung from an aneient line was she,
Young, handsome, chaste, and fair ;
The richest glow of modesty
In all her blushes were.

Whene'er he led his warriors o'er
The hills, to watch the foe,
She number'd ev'ry lengthen'd hour,
And thought the moments slow.

Upon the tow'r she often stood,
His horses' hoofs to hear ;
And often thought the field of blood,
With all its terrors, near ;

Or thought she heard the trumpet shrill
Re-echo down the streams,
Or saw their armour on the hill
Reflect the lurid beams.

Each foot she heard approach the hall,
Struck terror to her breast ;
She thought the news of Elwood's fall,
Was in the sounds express'd.

Thus she, in tears, with many a sigh,
Upon the tow'r would wait,
And when she heard her warrior nigh,
Run swiftly to the gate.

Glad beat her heart when she beheld,
By the torches burning bright,
The shining eagle on his shield,
Reflect the varying light.

She cross'd her breast, her hands she rais'd,—
Too happy then to mourn ;
With joyful heart the Virgin prais'd,
For Elwood's safe return.

Young Reginald, a noble knight,
Rode on his charger there ;
And on a steed of purest white,
Sat Agatha the fair.

Great Reginald's lov'd sister she,
From fam'd Romilli sprung ;
And oft in rural minstrelsy
Was this chaste beauty sung.

Behind, in brilliant armour dress'd,
The noble troop advanc'd ,
The moon-beams glitter'd on each crest,
And on their armour danc'd.

Elvina's friends, a lovely train,
Stood waiting for the brave ;
Welcom'd their kindred back again,
Nor found one left a slave.

In some wild ancient warlike air,
The instruments combin'd ;
The sounds re-echoing all around,
In imitation join'd.

The warriors from their horses sprung,
To join the evening's sport,
Their heavy, clanging armour rung
Around the spacious court.

'The neighing steeds pranc'd loftily,
To martial music sweet,
And sparks of fire like lightning flew,
Beneath the chargers' feet.

And soon the feast the heroes grac'd,
Renown'd in deed and word :
No foreign dainties then were plac'd
Upon a warrior's board.

Around the room the arms were hung,
Of ancient warriors bold :
The native bards their battles sung,
And all their actions told.

There was the armour Percy bore,
On the contested field ;
His sword hung there, all rusted o'er,
And there his mighty shield.

There helms and breast-plates, black with age,
Where many a shaft had broke,
And there an ancient coat of mail,
Deep mark'd with many a stroke.

Old banners, which the Scottish chiefs
Had in the battles borne,
By sword, by battle-axe, and spears,
Were into tatters torn.

No wainscot then adorn'd the hall,
Nor various colour'd paint,
But on the cornice, rudely carv'd,
The head of many a saint.

Crosses, and holy reliques rare,
Above the arms did shine,
Which ancient knights had brought with care
From distant Palestine.

The table was of marble white,
No fine-wrought cloth was there ;
And sappling cans, all polish'd bright,
Contain'd the sparkling beer.

Next came the wine and festive joys,
As Elwood led the dance,
And thoughtless of his piercing eyes,
To Agatha did glance.

Elvina saw,—and deeply felt
Passions unknown before ;
And from that night her peace, her joy,
And nuptial bliss were o'er.

The dancing ceas'd, and the song began,
As the bards swept o'er the lyre ;
And nectar from each sappling can,
Did ev'ry breast inspire.

Soft sounded first the sweetest chords,
And love was in the song ;
The music, suited to the words,
Ran smooth and soft along,

As when upon the Æolian strings
The summer zephyrs play,
And sylvan echoes, on their wings,
The cadence bear away.

But when to bolder music turn'd,
Then glow'd the martial fire ;
And every breast with valour burn'd,
As glory swept the lyre !

They sung their noble fathers' words,
Spoke with their dying breath ;
The warriors vow'd, as they drew their swords,
They would revenge their death.

The bards beheld their frantic rage,
And the song half finish'd stopt ;
The swords, uplifted to engage,
Were in an instant dropt.

Such pow'r had ancient bards to raise
The passions in the breast,
Or with the magic of their lays,
To sooth them into rest.

PART II.

But when appear'd the rosy morn,
It show'd their haughty foes ;
They knew them by their horses grey,
And by the crimson rose.

To horse!—to horse! brave Elwood cried,
His warriors heard the words;
To horse! the neighbouring woods replied,
As they buckled on their swords.

The ladies wept, and wild despair
Mark'd with a deadly white,
The face of ev'ry beauteous fair,
That lov'd a noble knight.

But, nor despair, nor sighs, nor tears,
Could make the warriors stay;
The trumpet sounds—the foe appears,—
And glory leads the way!

Then Elwood, with his little band,
Undaunted, brave, and bold,
Met in the battle, hand to hand,
His numbers three times told.

In the first charge, like brazen walls,
The meeting warriors stood :
Tho' swords are broke, no warrior falls,
Nor stains the earth with blood.

But when again the warriors met,
So furious was the fray,—
The field of death with gore was wet,
Where foes and kindred lay !

The plumes from Elwood's helmet fell,
With one giantie stroke ;
But at his foe he aim'd so well,
His sable helmet broke.

Lifeless he fell—the Yorkists saw
The blood stream thro' his erest ;
Then death succeeded ev'ry blow,
And viet'ry fir'd each breast !

Nor less enrag'd the adverse side,
For, as the earth they press'd,
They gave a death-blow ere they died
Through many a charger's breast.

Tho' thrice surrounded by their foes,
Yet thrice they cut their way,
And thrice they charged o'er the place
Where horse and rider lay.

The red rose dropt—away they fled!—
No sons of York pursued ;
For when they saw such numbers dead,
Their fury was subdued.

Dreadful to hear the piercing cries
Of youth who firm had stood,
Death making dim their sparkling eyes,
And drinking fast their blood!

Each, when the helmets were remov'd,
Beheld relations near,
And old acquaintance whom they lov'd,
Or brother wounded there.

Brave Reginald gave this command,
When ev'ry foe had fled :—
“ The wounded to my castle bear,
“ And lie in earth the dead.”

Her absent lord Elvina mourn'd ;
Her breast was fill'd with fear ;
Her love to deepest torture turn'd,—
Suspense and wild despair.

She thought she saw Agatha smile,
And then she heard her sigh ;
Then thought her gallant warrior false,
Yet had no reason why.

She call'd for food, but could not taste,
Nor had she pow'r to drink ;
But often to the rock-edg'd flood
She wander'd wild to think.

Her shadow in the deep below,
Presented to her sight
Features deep mark'd with grief and woe,
And chang'd to deadly white.

But night approach'd,—a night of storms,—
Elvina's bosom beat ;
Love conjur'd up a thousand forms,
And show'd the lovers met.

She thought she heard her Elwood say,—
“ O! were Elvina cold,
“ Agatha should appear more gay,
“ In brilliant gems and gold !”

Her cloak she took, and wrapt it round
A breast surecharg'd with pain,
Regardless of the thunder's sound,
The lightnings, wind, and rain.

The boughs upon the lofty oaks,
Creak'd with the tempest blast ;
And white with foam the rapid burn,
O'er which Elvina pass'd.

Asham'd to tell her grief and pain,—
The anguish which she felt ;
But firm resolv'd the tow'rs to gain,
Where th' imagin'd rival dwelt.

She hasted on the slipp'ry way,
Her warrior lord to meet,
Resolved at the gates to stay
Till she heard the chargers' feet.

And if she saw him turn aside
At the suspected gate,
Death from her dagger's point should leap,
And on her rival wait.

The thunder, deep, still louder grew,
Within a darker cloud,
Which the storm across the zenith threw,
As tho' 'twas Nature's shroud.

And for a torch amid the gloom,
To make the scene more dread,
The lightnings burst in ev'ry form
Around Elvina's head.

The tempest was too fierce to last,
And soon the winds were still;
But the red lightning often flash'd
High o'er the eastern hill,

Which show'd the castle's tow'rs in view,
And the ancient abbey near,
The statues, tombs, and sable yew,—
The residence of fear.

But not a fear Elvina felt,
Even in the darkest shade,
For from the tyrant, Jealousy,
All softer passions fled.

When first she trod the Roman way,
She met a solemn train,
And pale upon the litters lay
The corses of the slain.

A small dim torch a mourner bore,
To light them to the grave,
And faint the light it just shed o'er
The features of the brave.

Elvina stood, and trembling shook,
From her eyes gush'd forth the tear,
As she to the last warrior spoke,
And ask'd—"Is Elwood here?"

He turned round with looks of ire,
And not a word express'd,
Nor told her if the bloody bier
Her noble Elwood press'd.

The rattling of the chargers' feet,
Advancing, next she hears;
Hope, joy, and grief together meet,
Contending for her tears.

Weeping, the castle's gate she gain'd,
With yew-trees shaded round;
But there she stood not long conceal'd,
Ere she heard the trumpet's sound.

As down the deep and rocky vale
The piercing echoes fly,
She hears they are the joyful sounds
Of Elwood's victory.

The ladies from the castle came,
And Agatha was there ;
But, innocent, she felt no shame,
Nor thought Elvina near.

The warriors were with trophies hung,
And many a silver shield
Against the brazen scabbards rung,
Brought from the gory field.

A day of sports it should have been ;
But when their foes they met,
To war was chang'd the sportive scene,
And the field with gore was wet.

Brave Reginald receiv'd a wound,
And, in the rear, asleep,
They bear him, weak—his warriors round,
Walk slowly on, and weep.

When Agatha young Elwood saw,
“Where's Reginald?” she cried,
“Doth he lie bleeding on the field?—
“Oh!—tell me how he died!”

“Your brother lives—all may be well:”
He spoke it with a sigh;
And, swooning, to the earth she fell,
As they bore her brother by.

Tho' victory crown'd the hard-fought day,
Yet dear that victory cost;
For, in the well-contested fight,
They many a warrior lost.

But Reginald revives again,—
His hand to Elwood gives;
And each reviving heart is glad
That the wounded warrior lives.

Spontaneous bursts the loud huzza !
The castle walls resound,
Tho' Reginald could scarcely join,
He wav'd his helmet round.

“ Farewell !” he then to Elwood said,
“ I know you cannot stay,
“ You must inform Elvina fair,
“ Of this eventful day.”

Then Elwood, turning from his friend,
Wish'd him a peaceful night,
And soon was hid in the dark shade,
Far from the torches' light.

Elvina takes a nearer way,
Asham'd of jcalous care,
She hopes to gain the castle tow'r,
Before her lord be there.

But as she walk'd the dubious way,
Along the rocky height,
A misty cloud enwraps her round,
And makes a two-fold night.

A light appears—at which she aims,
But fatal was its glow ;
From the high precipice she drops,
Among the rocks below !

No weeping virgins round her stood,
No faithful husband near,—
No hand to stop the streaming blood,
Nor priest to hear her pray'r.

Until the peasant passing by,
 Who bore the fatal light,
Beholds her in the cliff below,
 By her jewels glitt'ring bright.

For help he heard her faintly cry,
 In plaintive tones of woe,
But scarce could hear her feeble voice,
 For the rapid brook below.

Then down the rocks he swiftly pass'd,
 To give his utmost aid ;
He found her wounds were streaming fast,
 While fervently she pray'd.

Then he unto the castle hastes,
 The fatal news to bear ;
But words could never yet express
 The grief and anguish there.

They mourn the lady good and fair,
The best of women kind,—
One single fault alone she had,
And that a jealous mind.

O! what a piteous sight it was,
When Elwood saw her dead!
Distraction seiz'd his noble mind,
And hope and reason fled.

They laid her in the ancient tomb,
The priests were fill'd with fear;
Lest she had shorten'd much her days,
They scarce would read a pray'r.

Brave Elwood there no more could stay,
But took his sword and shield;
And with his warriors rode away,
To seek th' embattled field.

He in the dreadful conflict fought,
On Hexham's bloody plain ;
And when for him his warriors sought,
He laid amongst the slain.

THE POACHER ;

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

“ The receiver is as bad as the thief.”—*Old Proverb.*

THIS subject wants no Muse the breast t’inspire,
Deep learning,—nor the Apollonian lyre ;
Fine tropes and figures here can nought avail,
’Tis but a plain and simple rustic tale,—
A tale of poachers, partridge, grouse, and hares,
Gamekeepers’ acts, their dangers and their fears ;
And who the persons that are most too blame,
Or those who buy, or those who steal the game.

But, in description little is my pow'r,—
I never took a hare at midnight hour ;
Experience cannot teach me how to sing,—
My shot ne'er broke the pheasant's glossy wing ;
No partridge in my hands resign'd its breath,
Nor moor-coek clos'd its beauteous eyes in death ;
For when I found them young upon the bent,
Far from their nests in sympathy I went.

Tho' low the theme, yet lords it has engag'd,
And famous knights have oft at Poachers rag'd.
They act such deeds as make e'en barons swear,
Break down their fine park walls and take the deer ;
In every hedge suspend the murd'ring snares,
And from their best preserves fetch bags of hares.
Nor is it strange—a child may know the cause
Why daring Poachers break the nation's laws ;
When for one night they gain far more reward
Than for a week of honest labour hard.
Game laws, they think, are made by greedy elves,
Who want the free-created game themselves ;

The partridge, snipe, and grouse, for ought they know,
Belong to them just equal with the crow.

The youthful Poacher first a terrier keeps,
And where the conies haunt oft slily creeps
Till one is caught,—and then the foolish boy
Is elevated with a ruinous joy.
His parents chide not, nor his actions blame,
But praise his skill, and gladly take the game.
Growing in vice, such implements he gets
As powder, shot, a fowling piece, and nets.
His parents then too late their follies see,
Pass days of grief, and nights of misery !
Absent from home—he ranges far and wide,
His comrades are his ruin and his pride ;
Daily they spend the money they obtain ;
Half drunk at night they sally forth again :
Dangers on ev'ry side they heedless scorn,
If they with hares and pheasants can return !

Ignotus was a man who work could get,
Had he not more than working lov'd his net ;
On the brown fallow he the grain could throw,
Could use a flail, a sickle, scythe, or hoe ;
To rustic youths he had no cause to yield,
A better workman seldom took the field ;
Had not his failing been the death of hares,
Keeping a dog, and making nets and snares.
An old experienced Poacher, nearly done,
Who scarce could walk, yet gloried in the fun,
Learnt him to call, and how to temper wire,
With rushes, straw, or shavings set on fire ;
Told him what money on a night he made,
When he was young, and fewer of the trade ;
An evening long he lengthen'd out his tale,
Spoke of his feasts on spirits, beef, and ale,
Then prais'd the persons who had bought his hares,—
Forgot his wants, his miseries, and his cares !
Tho' old, infirm, and rack'd with many a pain,
He almost wish'd to pass such nights again !

When sportsmen some notorious Poachers fine,
On game at taverns they should never dine,
For fear it was their own the week before,
Hung in their parks, or shot upon the moor !
But here we scarce can tavern-keepers blame,
They wish to have a wide extended fame ;
And but for Poachers, what could such men do,
When for a feast they want a hare or two ?
If there be supper, or a private ball,
Be there no game, it does not please at all ;
The beaux and belles go home dissatisfied
With ev'ry dainty, roasted, bak'd, or fried.
The ladies blame the master of the house,
If in the feast there be nor snipes nor grouse ;
For that is ever held the choicest dish,
That comes in secret, be it game or fish !
The ladies then in extacy declare
What part they took of partridge, grouse, or hare ;
Describe the dainties when they each get home,
But ne'er consider how those dainties come :

For whether Poachers steal from 'squires or kings,
This is the cause whence most of Poaching springs.—
The epicures of ev'ry trading town,
Who get a hare or pheasant for a crown,
Have done more harm than all the murd'ring wire
That e'er was temper'd in the Poacher's fire.

The Bards of genius sing the orphan's woe,
The rise of nations, or their overthrow ;
Others describe the shipwreck'd sailor's fate,
The terrors of th' ensanguin'd field relate.—
Mine be the task to paint unto the life,
The deep distress of a poor Poacher's wife,
Who in the worst of huts is fore'd to live,
Where winter snow comes thro' it like a sieve ;
The furniture, were it put up for sale,
Would scarcely make a crown to buy him ale ;
His children to the utmost famine driv'n,
Quite destitute of clothes but what were giv'n,
By one whose heart could at misfortunes melt,
Who knew their wants, and for their suff'rings felt.

He sees them shiv'ring oft without a fire,
And what should buy them coals is spent in wire ;
Two-thirds laid out in powder, shot, and nets,
The other part the well-fed landlord gets,—
And when the night of danger 's past away,
While others work, he sleeps throughout the day :
But oft his sleep is broke by sudden fears,
He starts, —and thinks some bailiff's voice he hears,—
He lifts his head,—'tis famine all and dearth,
His famish'd children clinging round the hearth ;
Disease destroying all his partner's charms,
And tears fall on the infant in her arms.
His conscience wakes,—tho' nearly hard as stone,
He turns him o'er, and heaves a heavy groan,
Vows like an honest man's his days shall be—
At last convince'd his deeds bring misery !
His weeping wife hears the repentant sighs,
In anguish t'ward him turns her tear-drench'd eyes,
Thus speaks, with looks that would the marble move,
While weeping o'er the pledges of their love :—

- “ Thou once dear youth, for whom I all forsook,
“ To me and mine, O give one thoughtful look !
“ Where shall we fly ?—our credit all is o’er,
“ Thy evil deeds have made and keep us poor.
“ My mother, wearied out, no more can do,
“ My father’s bosom wasting with his woe !
“ Thou art at enmity with all my friends,
“ And only to the worst advice attends.
“ Bring thou but constant wages, I could rest,
“ And with a certain pittance should be blest.
“ While others sit in plenty and at peace,
“ As years roll on their nuptial joys increase.
“ Here is our eldest and our only son,
“ Who blest us first e’er sorrow had begun,
“ Without a shoe to travel in the snow,
“ By rags defended when the cold winds blow ;
“ Who knows not yet an alphabet or pray’r,
“ Nor ever yet engross’d a father’s care.
“ Such things as these sink in my bosom deep,
“ And hours unseen I sorrowing sit and weep.

“ And see those little innocents beside,
“ More than half nak’d, while clothes are wash’d and dried.
“ While other children are with raiment bless’d,
“ And twice upon a sabbath day are dress’d,
“ Òurs stand aloof, upon the holy day,
“ Or weep, upbraided with their rags at play.
“ Debts undischarg’d, while thou enjoy’st thy cheer,
“ Forgetful of the wants and sorrows here.
“ How well could we be cloth’d,—how well be fed,
“ If like an honest man’s thy life was led;
“ O that the purchasers of game could know
“ My children’s wants—the burden of my woe !”

While thus she spoke, his nightly comrade came,
Extensive orders he had got for game,
From a rich man in whom they could confide,
Theander, whom the Poachers long had tried.
To those who bought his goods he presents made
Of hares and pheasants, yet he ne’er betray’d
The youths who brought them from the distant wood,
And risk’d their lives to bear them o’er the flood !

Then to the distant parks with steps of haste,
They cheerful cross'd the wide-extended waste.
The moon's resplendent orb was hung on high,
Tho' hid were half the diamonds of the sky ;
While skimming clouds, borne on the wings of air,
Shrouded the heav'ns,—excepting here and there
The moon-beams darted thro' a misty veil,
And fields of light fled swiftly o'er the dale.
Two dogs attended them across the moor,—
A double-barrel'd gun each Poacher bore :
The hares were feeding on the turnips green,
But Wharf's broad stream roll'd rapidly between,—
So deep the ford, it scarcely could be cross'd,
They greatly fear'd their journey would be lost.
But soon they found the horse they oft had tried,
Which ne'er refus'd to cross the torrent wide ;
Without a bridle to adorn his head,
The peaceful creature by his mane was led.
A while they on the brink consulting stood,
Then mounted both, and ventur'd at the flood.

The stream was rolling rapid, deep, and strong,—
Yet, in the midst, they humm'd the Poacher's song,
To kill their fears; for who could help but fear?
Broad was the river, and the whirlpool near.
The aged horse his oft-tried strength now lost,
And on the rapid stream they both were toss'd!
Their homes the Poachers ne'er had reach'd again,
Had not Ignotus grappled fast the mane;
Desparo seiz'd his friend—'twas all he could,
And thus, half drown'd, they ferried o'er the flood.
Upon the bank they search the ball and string,
And in the oil-case wrapp'd, they quickly bring
Across the stream their implements of sport,
And with them to the farmer's house resort.
The frugal aged dame is fill'd with fear,
Lest some should say they harbour'd Poachers there.
Her son—a sporting youth, then goes and draws
A jug of ale—regardless of the laws:
Then vows,—nor lord, nor lease, his sport shall stop,
Since hares and pheasants ruin half the crop!

He rouses then the fire, piles on the peat,
And soon the Poachers' clothes smoke with the heat.
The aged farmer, griev'd, with locks turn'd grey,
Sighs in his chair, and wishes them away ;
Then hobbling on his crutch he ventures out,
To listen if the keepers are about ;
While down his furrow'd cheeks the tears run fast,
Afraid with him that year will be the last.
His landlord angry,—now no hope appears ;
But his good farm, possess'd for forty years,
He soon must quit, ere his few days are gone,
Thro' the bad actions of a wicked son.
With eyes suffus'd with tears, the poor old man
To reason with his son then thus began :
“ O that I could persuade thee to give o'er
“ This cruel sport, which makes and keeps us poor !
“ Would'st thou but honestly attempt to live,
“ My little all to thee I'd freely give :
“ But now each field, untill'd, neglected lies ;
“ Thy flail the beasts with fodder scarce supplies.

“ While thou art ranging with thy nets and gun,
“ Our cattle and our farm to ruin run ;
“ Among thy comrades all that little spent
“ Which should have paid my long arrears of rent.
“ Nothing but deepest anguish is my lot ;
“ I would have liv’d at this my native spot,
“ Where I so many years of labour pass’d,
“ And where I first drew breath, have breath’d my last !
“ But now, the workhouse”——here his anguish strong,
O’ercame his soul, and sorrow bound his tongue !

The harden’d Poachers could not help but think ;
But soon they took the quart, and swore “ Let ’s drink !”
Ignotus vow’d that was no time for fears,
The ’squire must have his score of living hares.
The rich Theander, grown by commerce great,
Had purchas’d with his wealth a wide estate ;
Then down came ev’ry hedge, and ev’ry wall,
And ev’ry humble cot was doom’d to fall.
Upon the rising hill each plan was drawn,
Of villa, gardens, grove, and sweeping lawn ;

And planted were the trees of ev'ry hue,
'The oak, the ash, the sycamore, and yew ;
'The fir, the larch, and plants not native here,
'The poplar, with its waving leaves, was there.
'The rills collected, form'd a lake for trout,—
And who that has a park would be without ?
With the high fence the whole was circled round,
But in the modern park no hares were found ;
No pheasants in the new plantation bred,
Nor partridge chirrup'd its young brood to bed.
But what's the villa, garden, or park wall,
Except the hares are frisking round them all ?
What pleasure in the grove and cooling breeze,
Except the pheasants glitter in the trees ?
'The partridge whirring from beneath our feet,
In our own grounds, is surely pleasure sweet !
So thought 'Theander,—who from Poachers bought
With cheerful heart, all living game they brought.
But stop, my pen—O let it not be said
'That great 'Theander would have bought them dead !

The Poachers, with their nets, their dogs, and gun,
Directed truly by the farmer's son,
Then left the house, and hasten'd to the wood;
In silence there a while they list'ning stood,
Just when the hammer of the village bell,
Twelve times heav'd back, the midnight hour to tell.
Then Nature such an awful silence kept—
The faded leaves on lofty poplars slept;
The wither'd rushes, on the heathy hill,
Were scarcely mov'd—the tallest pines were still.
The waning moon a bloody vesture wore,
The only sounds the distant cataract's roar,
And deep-mouth'd mastiffs, struggling in the chain,
Fierce barking to their echo'd noise again.
This solemn scene no deep impression made
On hearts of flint, so harden'd with the trade.
Then thro' the thick-grown briars they wander'd slow,
Looking for pheasants on each lofty bough.
Ignotus swore they would not fire that night,
Till they beheld between them and the light

Ten glist'ning birds within the trees at rest ;
For oft before they number'd many a nest,
And when the powder flash'd, and shot had flown,
Dried sticks and leaves were all that tumbled down.
The number in the wood was quickly found ;
They left them there, and rang'd the open ground.
That night the Poachers did their utmost strive,
To catch the rich Theander hares alive.
Then swiftly round the fields the lurchers went,
Dogs which were silent on the strongest scent :
And when the flying hare was just before,
Their feet were heard, their panting, but no more.
But fatal for poor Stormer was the night,
Two lusty keepers saw him in the flight,
Levell'd their pieces at the vital part,
And shot poor faithful Stormer thro' the heart ;
While Phillis swift, the fleeting hare pursued,
And left her partner struggling in his blood.
The echoing woods convey'd the swift report,—
The Poacher's guess'd the end of that night's sport.

Then quickly sounded Stormer's dying cries,—
Rage fill'd each breast, and blaz'd within their eyes ;
Ignotus swore, this luckless night I'll die,
Ere Stormer, wounded, on the field shall lie ;
And should a legion of gamekeepers come,
The shot of both my barrels shall fly home !
Weak and more weak the cries of Stormer grew,
As to the fatal place the Poachers flew ;
And, when arriv'd, Ignotus rais'd his head,
Then heav'd a sigh, and deeply swore, " He 's dead !
" O friend, Desparo ! such a dog ne'er went
" Across the fields, for swiftness or for scent.
" Poor Stormer ! look, Desparo, where he bled !—
" How oft to us he has the hares convey'd !
" How oft have I, with exultation great,
" Stood list'ning to the singing of his feet ;
" But now his turnings of the hares are o'er,
" And he must pant close at their heels no more !"

No sooner had these words escap'd his tongue,
Than four arm'd keepers, lusty, stout, and strong,

Leap'd from the bushes with the full design
To make these bold marauders pay the fine.
O'er Stormer's death their bosoms were enrag'd;
In desperation, one with two engag'd.
Around the Poachers many a pellet flew,
Before in war they either trigger drew;
Then all at once their double barrels went;
The shot whizz'd past,—its force in air was spent:
No time to load again,—they met in blows,
The Poachers struggling with superior foes.
His piece Ignotus by the barrel took,
One adversary's arm in splinters broke;
He groan'd and fled, his piteous case to tell;
Another stroke,—and strong Ignotus fell!
While bold Desparo, with his strong but-end,
Made his antagonist to earth descend.
Now two disabled, furious was the fray,
Both sides were stupid, neither would give way.
The barrels broken from their carved stocks,
And on the field were strew'd the torn-off locks.

Enrag'd, Ignotus rose, and drew his knife,
And cried, " Desparo's freedom or your life!"
The keepers dreading much the fatal blow,
Took to their heels, and let the Poachers go.
And where 's the 'squire who can such keepers blame?
They fought, 'tis true,—but who would die for game?

Next night, of game Desparo made a feast,
And every well-known brother was a guest.
Not to the ale-house did the group retire,
But drank and smok'd around the Poacher's fire:
Pheasants and grouse, and Stormer's last-caught hare,—
Domestic fowls, unbought, were roasted there.
Their liquor, home-brew'd ale, and smuggled rum;
And each was arm'd had the excisemen come:
But these as soon durst fierce banditti meet,
As force their way into the lone retreat!

The supper ended, what a jovial crew!
Each show'd his nets, of those they had not few.

From friend to friend the cheering bumpers ran,
The viol tun'd, the merry dance began.
O that some greater bard had present been,
And touch'd with verse burlesque the festive scene!
Their tatter'd clothes were such as might have grac'd
Some farmer's scarecrow in a wheat field plac'd :
Thus doth misconduct bring the richest down,
And clothe with rags the Poacher and the clown.

Ducando was a man of careful heart,
He seldom paid a six-pence for his quart ;
To sip the smuggled drops was his delight,—
With such a group he spent the jovial night.
The keeper of the neighbouring 'squire was there,
Enjoy'd the sport, and drowned all his care.

Inspir'd by drink, who can be silent long ?
The Poachers could not, but began their song :—

SONG.

Come all ye brethren of the night,
Who range the mountain, wood, and vale,
And in the moonshine chace delight,
May our true friendship never fail !
Then drink around,
Your cares confound,
Ye champions of the wire ;
The field—the moor,
Will we range o'er,
Nor care for lord nor 'squire.

The parliament, such youths as we
With laws may strive to bind ;
But they as soon in cords might tie
The lightnings or the wind !

By Cynthia's beams,
We cross the streams,
To fetch the game away;
Then here we rest,
With bumpers blest,
And banish fears away.

So long as planets rise and set,
Or tim'rous hares can run,
The Poacher true will hang his net,
And level sure his gun;
The high park wall,
Spring guns and all,
And keepers strong with beer,
We value not,
Nor shun the spot,
If hares are frisking there.

The lord upon the hunting day
Such pleasures never knew,
When echo bore the sounds away,—
The hounds—the fox in view;

As when the hares
Are caught in pairs,
Upon the glitt'ring frost !
Should we be fin'd,
What need we mind,
Since others pay the cost ?

What stop we at the rivers deep,
The frost or winter's snow ;
The lazy keepers soundly sleep,
When tempests wildly blow.
Of rain and hail,
Let Jove's great pail
Be emptied from on high ;
The darker night,
The more delight,
And greater numbers die !

The song was ended ;—and Ignotus drew
The plan of ev'ry distant park he knew ;

Describ'd each gateway where he hung the net,
And ev'ry hedge, where oft his wire he set ;
Mark'd out the fish-ponds, and the river's flood,
The pheasant's haunts, and where the villa stood.
“ Upon this spot,” said he, “ one stormy night,
“ When darkest clouds obscur'd the moon's pale light,
“ I stood alone, while Stormer rang'd the plain,
“ And five strong hares within my net were slain !
“ And here the place where I my tackling hide
“ When lusty keepers press on every side ;
“ And here, within the wood, the lonely dell,
“ Where oft I fir'd, and sleeping pheasants fell.
“ Here stands the tree to which the cord is tied,
“ And there my game across the river ride ;
“ Then I the bridge securely travel o'er,
“ And none take oath that murder'd game I bore.”
The junior Poachers, silent, sit and gaze,
And give with joy the senior Poacher praise.

T' increase their sport, upon this festive night,
These bungling verses did a rhymers write :

The Poachers on the heath, the fields, the wood,
Or where the shining fishes cleave the flood,
Against the laws will yet pursue their sport,
And to the parks of distant lords resort,
Tho' half their incomes were to keepers paid,
Tho' traps were set, and ev'ry scheme were laid,—
The Poachers, heedless of the fine or shame,
In spite of all will sometimes steal the game.
Then those that would such things in safety keep,
Must catch, and couple them like straying sheep :
And lords who would make property of game,
Cut short their wings—like poultry keep them tame.
For 'tis a truth, and let it once be known,
A Poacher's shot 's oft surer than your own.

They laugh'd—they shouted—when the rhymer ceas'd,
(For fools, half drunk, with feeblest verse are pleas'd).
Then four strong keepers burst the shatter'd door,
And stood well arm'd upon the dirty floor.
Desparo and Ignotus forc'd their way ;
The rest, o'erpower'd, were captives forc'd to stay.

Game, newly kill'd, was in the cellar found,
Snares, pack-thread, guns, and nets were spread around :
The Poachers, mournful, left their lawless sport,
To meet the dreadful audit of a court.
Desparo and Ignotus knew their cares,
Supplied their wants, and kill'd the 'squire his hares;
Death and destruction thro' his grounds were spread,
Till scarce a leveret on the clover fed.

With sorrows worn, and ebbing fast her life,
Unhelp'd, unheeded, lay the Poacher's wife.
He spent his days in revelry and mirth ;
While she, too weak to give her infant birth,
O'ercome with grief, and of her suff'ring tir'd,
Neglected, starv'd, and pitiless, expir'd !
No husband there, her fading eyes to close,—
Confess his guilt, tho' author of her woes.
When he was told the period of her pain,
He smil'd, and had the tankard fill'd again !
Untouch'd with sorrow, anguish, or remorse,
One tear he never dropp'd upon her corse.

He left his home the two succeeding nights,
To make expences for the funeral rites.
His starving children o'er their mother mourn'd,—
A neighbouring peasant o'er the infant yearn'd,
In pity took and nurst it as her own,—
And sure such deeds are worthy of renown.
Loos'd from his wife, with whom he jarring liv'd,
His children bread thro' charity receiv'd.
One night he spent where lies fam'd Robin Hood,
The next where Harewood's ancient castle stood ;
The beauteous vale of Wharf he wander'd o'er,—
Expecting wealth, but still was always poor.
What he in dangers got at taverns went,
Or in rich treats was on his comrades spent.
Read this, ye rich,—who stolen game receive,
And think how wretchedly the Poachers live :
Far from your feasts prohibit lawless game,
Caught in disgrace,—and purchased with shame !

Ye rustie plunderers, who sport by night,
And fearlessly invade another's right,

Cold winds and storms your frame will soon impair,
Your robust limbs will soon in sickness wear ;
Tho' firm your sinews as the hardest steel,
Your constitutions must your follies feel :
The sport, the bowl, the glass, the cheering quart,
Soon, soon will fail to animate the heart.
Ye who purloin by night the harmless game,
Ere youth is past, old age shall rack your frame.
No days well spent can you look back to view,
At last convince'd this axiom is true,—
“ If injur'd lords no punishment prepar'd,
“ Drinking and poaching bring their own reward.”

On lost Ignotus' fate a moment gaze,
Who in his cups oft gain'd the drunkard's praise ;
He swiftly hasted with his pilfer'd load
The bridge to shun and oft-frequented road.
Beneath a sheet of ice the river slept,
Half o'er its course the thoughtless Poacher stepp'd,
Around his feet the yielding crystal bends,
And dreadful in a spreading circle rends !

He heard,—he trembled,—but it was too late,
The ice gave way, and lock'd him up with fate.
Till morning came his faithful lureher stopp'd,—
Howl'd near the chasm thro' which his master dropp'd.
His frantic children view'd the fatal cleft,
Tho' injur'd,—their affection still was left;
Their grief,—their woe,—can never be express'd,—
Imagination must depict the rest.
His corse, tho' sought, was never brought to land,
But somewhere lies deep shrouded in the sand!
His neighbours wept not, tho' he ne'er return'd,
And for his loss his children only mourn'd.

No distant parks but ev'ry shade he knew,
From whence at morn the waking pheasants flew;
The lonely streams where speckled fishes play'd,
And where the hares upon the mountains fed.
The dark brown heath, upon the trackless moor,
With dog and gun he often ranged o'er;
In winter's frost, upon some rocky spot,
He call'd the list'ning grouse within his shot,

Then on his uprais'd knee he levell'd true,—
The trigger pull'd,—the moorcock never flew:
But now—the hares may feed, the fishes play,
The pheasants sleep upon the lofty spray;
The grouse, secure, may in the rushes rest,
The speckled pairs of partridge form their nest;
The keepers now their watchings may give o'er,
Ignotus, prince of Poachers, is no more !

ON VISITING A WORKHOUSE.

ALLOW'D to walk into the sad retreat
Where tott'ring age and foolish fair ones meet,
I heard deep sighs from those bent down with years,
Whose cheeks were deeply furrow'd o'er with cares.
To see their locks, by ruthless Time turn'd grey,
Melted my heart, and took my pride away:
For who was seated in the corner chair,
But one who in my youth I held most dear.
Oft had his hand, when I was but a boy,
Handled the knife, and made me many a toy;
For me he caught the sparrows on the snow,
And made my youthful heart with raptures glow!

Oft had I danc'd around him with delight,
While he had balanc'd well my little kite ;
But now, my aged friend, when he should eat,
His palsied hands can scarcely bear his meat,—
His pleasures lost, to life he 's but a slave,
And only waits his passport to the grave.
Here I beheld how mortals waste away,
Shoot up to manhood, blossom, and decay !

In woolsey gown, close seated by his side,
His sister Ann, of Harewood once the pride,
Beauteous and fair,—upon her bridal day
The wealthy countess scarce appear'd more gay ;
But the fine brow that bore the glossy hair,
Which once she dress'd with such assiduous care,
Was furrow'd o'er by 'Time's all-changing plough,
And her few locks were nearly white as snow.
When I had stood a while, and dried the tear,
I spoke, but John my words could scarcely hear ;
At length he cried, in exclamation strong,
“ Aye ! is that thee ? ” for still he knew my tongue.

His age-dimm'd eyes then brighten'd with a ray,
Which, like a wasted taper, died away.
Dotage had seiz'd upon his feeble brain,
As he revolv'd to infancy again.
A while he spoke of heav'n and things divine,
Then laugh'd—and stopp'd a moment to repine ;
Wish'd for the grave,—next talk'd of things to come,
Then wept—and thought of his once happy home.
But his poor heart was most of all subdued
With daughters' pride, and sons' ingratitude.
“ Alas !” said he, “ that those who owe me all,
“ Should know me thus, and yet refuse to call
“ To spend one hour, to mitigate my grief,
“ To bring one cordial, or afford relief.
“ Tho' they neglect a father, old and poor,
“ They yet may have to enter at this door ;
“ Yet O, avert it heav'n ! bless'd may they live !
“ O teach an injur'd father to forgive !”
Touch'd with the scene, I turn'd aside to weep,
And like a child he calmly fell asleep !

PSALM CXLVIII. PARAPHRASED.

PRAISE ye the Lord! let songs of praise
Thro' highest heav'ns in chorus ring!
Ye heights, where mortals cannot gaze,
Adore your great eternal King!

Ye angels, that are cloth'd in light,
Ye hosts, which marshal at his word,
Ascribe both majesty and might,
In heav'nly concert, to the Lord!

Shine to His praise, thou glorious sun!

And thou, pale moon, at midnight hour,
Adoring in thy orbit run,

And show thy great Creator's pow'r!

Ye comets, which are wand'ring far,

And in the wide-stretch'd ether blaze,

Tell ev'ry distant unknown star

To join ye in Jehovah's praise!

Ye stars, beheld by mortal eyes,

For ever steadfast, fix'd, and true,

The anthem join—till praise arise

From all the wide extended blue!

Ye heav'ns beyond the heav'ns, rejoice!

In praise ye unknown oceans roar,

Which heard at first th' Almighty's voice

Bid you to last for evermore!

Fix'd is His great eternal throne,
By an unchangeable decree,
To last when ev'ry orb is gone,
Existing thro' eternity!

Ye mountains, lift your heads on high;
In praise toward His throne ascend!
Praise Him, ye lesser hills!—reply
In awe, ye oaks,—ye cedars, bend!

Ye fruitful trees, wave ev'ry bough,
With blossoms or with fruit array'd!
By ev'ry shrub that blooms below,
Let homage to His name be paid!

Thou earth, in songs thy glory give,—
One universal sabbath keep:
With all that in the ocean live,
The monsters and th' unfathom'd deep.

Ye clouds, that crown the mountain's brow,
Fraught with the lightning's vivid blaze,
To distant thunders, deep and low,
Echo on high His awful praise !

Ye storms of hail, that ride along,
On the wild wings of tempests borne,
Learn in the air the holy song,
And with it to the earth return !

Learn it, ye snows ! and ev'ry cloud
That sails in grandeur on the air !
Ye whirlwinds, bear His praise abroad,
And His tremendous pow'r declare !

Lions, which in the desert roar,
And all the mighty beasts of prey
That range the unknown forests o'er,
To Him your nightly homage pay !

Ye creeping reptiles, weak and small,
 By man unnotic'd and unknown,
 Show forth His skill—He form'd you all,
 Ye live by Him and Him alone !

Ye larks, ascending toward the sky,
 Ye birds, which warble in the wood,
 With all the various fowls that fly,
 Tune your wild notes in praise to God !

Praise Him, ye kings, by mortals crown'd ;
 And ye who judge by earthly law :
 Let songs in ev'ry court resound ;
 Ye princes, bend your plumes in awe !

Ye youths, his sacred name adore ;
 Ye maidens, on his glories gaze ;
 Old men, whose earthly joys are o'er,
 And infant children, shout His praise !

To God, the great eternal King,
 (For He alone deserves all praise,)
Let joyful hallelujahs ring
 Thro' all creation's boundless space !

The glorious lustre of the sky
 Is darkness to th' eternal light
Wherein He dwells enthron'd on high,
 Below all depth—above all height.

Praise Him, ye saints ! tho' last—the best ;
 Ye whom He still delights to raise
To bliss, and crown you with the blest,
 Close by His throne to sing His praise !

PSALM XVIII. PARAPHRASED,

(From Verse 6 to 16.)

WHEN in the temple of his God
 In sorrow Israel's monarch pray'd,
 Revenge!—the Great Eternal vow'd;
 The earth—the heav'ns were sore afraid!

When frown'd the Great Eternal King,
 All nature trembled at His look;
 Heav'n's choristers all ceas'd to sing,
 While the eternal pillars shook!

Wild roll'd the clouds of darkest hue,
And wrapp'd the sun in sable vest,—
The affrighted sun his light withdrew,
And thunders roll'd from east to west !

Earth trembled, and the ocean roar'd ;
The clouds all blush'd with cheeks of flame ;
Dread terrors veil'd the mountains o'er,
And earthquakes shook old Nature's frame !

The bending heav'ns obeisance made,
As He on fiery cherubs rode ;
Beneath His feet the darkest shade
Roll'd as a chariot for its God !

The stars had from their orbits fled,
And melted all created things,
Had not the darkness wrapp'd His head,
As high He rode on whirlwind's wings.

The channels of the mighty deep,—
The centre of the world was bare ;
The earth—the ocean could not keep
Their stations, when their God was there !

As heralds He the lightnings sent,
The thunder was His trumpet strong ;
Devouring clouds before Him went,—
Hail, fire, and storms flew swift along !

His enemies His arrows felt,
And as a shadow fled away :
Thus Israel's foes to nothing melt,
When faithful to their God they pray.

PSALM CXIV. PARAPHRASED.

WHEN from Egyptian's cruel land
The Lord his people led,
Encircling them on ev'ry hand,
The sea beheld and fled.

His holy place with Judah was,
In Israel He reign'd ;
The waters mov'd to let them pass,
But Israel still complain'd.

On either hand Jehovah made
A wall across the deep ;
The mountains skipped, sore afraid,
The hills remov'd like sheep !

Old Jordan curl'd toward its source,
And left its channel dry ;—
It durst not keep its wonted course,
While Israel's God was nigh !

When they within the desert pray'd,
And told their wants and fears,
The flinty rocks in pity wept,
And Israel drunk their tears.

'Tremble then, earth, at Jacob's God,
His holy name adore ;
Large as thou art, were he to nod,
Thy place would be no more !

EVENING IN APRIL.

(On first hearing a Bee, 1824.)

WELCOME with thy monotone,
Black and yellow lab'rer sweet !
Thou this night hast nearly done
Dancing with thy little feet
On the willow's honied flower,
On the daisy's crimson side,
On the crocus near the bower,
Which thy velvet coat has dy'd.

Thou thy little sable bill

Hast in April blossoms dipp'd ;

From the cups upon the hill,

Luscious drops of honey sipp'd :

Thou hast slept the winter long,

But thy merit is not lost ;

Thou hast yet the vernal song,

Spite of winter's chilling frost.

Thus the Poet, as he sings,

While the storm of sorrow low'rs,

Finds that friendship gladness brings

Sweet as dew on honied flow'rs.

MAY-DAY.

SEE the nymphs in May-day dresses,
Dancing on the daisied green !
Sloe-thorn blossoms grace their tresses,
Polyanthos' deck their queen.

While of thyme and unblown roses,
Twin'd among the leaves of bay,
Each a fragrant wreath composes,
On the joyful holiday.

Lyra tunes the rural measure,
While the cowslips at her feet
Dance, as if they felt the pleasure
Of her trills and cadence sweet.

See !—the lark her song suspending,
Drops and listens to the air,
While the snow-white lambs, attending,
Strive to imitate the fair.

Blithe and gay each nymph appearing,
See, how innocent they smile !
Each a branch of myrtle bearing
On a breast that knows no guile.

Where 's the youth that could deceive them,
Smiling on their morn of May,
Gain their love, then scorning leave them,
Like their garlands, to decay ?

JANUARY.

Now bleak winter on the mountains

Whirls on heaps the dusty snow,

Seals with ice the sandy fountains,

While the streams can scarcely flow.

Starving grouse forsake the rushes,

Cover'd is their winter store,

Seek for shelter in the bushes,

While the heath is drifted o'er.

Trees beneath their loads are bending ;
Firs like ostrich plumes appear ;
Partridge tame the barn attending,
Picking up the grain with fear.

Hares the snow-drifts wander over,
Fore'd the hawthorn buds to eat ;
Lost in snow the sprigs of clover,
Cover'd are the blades of wheat.

Now the thrasher, old and weary,
Stops the northern door with straw ;
But the tempest, wild and dreary,
Finds a way thro' ev'ry flaw.

Notes of bass the cattle humming,
Patient for their fodder call,
Waiting long to see it coming,
White with snow within the stall.

Starv'd from woods, the beauteous pheasant
Leaves the icy boughs and mourns,
Haunts the cottage of the peasant,—
Snows may melt, it ne'er returns.

Thus the maids, their parents leaving,
Wanton to the city fly,
Soon with woes their breasts are heaving,—
Virtue, honour, beauty, die !

REFLECTIONS ON THE RETURN OF
THE SWALLOW, 1824.

SWIFT-WING'D and pleasing harbinger of spring !
Thou from thy winter's voyage art return'd,
To skim above the lake, or dip thy wings
In the sequester'd river's winding streams.
Instinct has brought thee to the rural cot,
From whence, with new-fledg'd wings, thou took'st thy
flight.
Oh! could I give thee intellect and tongue,
That thou to man might'st tell what mazes wild,

And what eccentric circles thou hast flown
Since thou didst soar in autumn far away !
Cities in rising splendour thou hast seen,
And those where solemn desolation dwells.
Hast thou not peaceful slept the night away,
Perch'd on the distant pyramid's high point ;
Or on some massive column's hoary top,
Beheld great *Ætna's* dark sulphureous smoke,
Then dipp'd thy wings upon the orient waves ?

Like thee, could man, with philosophic eye,
Survey mankind in ev'ry varying clime,
How would his mind expand ! his spacious soul,
Releas'd from bigotry and party zeal,
Would grasp the human race in ev'ry form,—
Denominations, sects, and creeds, would sink,
His mind o'erpowered with the thought that He
Who form'd the universe, regards them all !

Upon this little wave-encircled isle,
What scenes diversified might he behold !

Here men of commerce, seeking after gain,
To the emporium throng, as ants haste home
When frowns the sky, and distant thunders roll ;
And there their youthful inexperienced sons,
In wide extremes of pleasure, mirth, and joy,
Heed not the cares their fathers' bosoms feel,
But carelessly carouse the night away,
Regardless of the wealth by prudence gain'd.

Some crowd the theatres, by pleasure led ;—
But where's the theatre like Nature's own ?
Where sects of various creeds, like summer flies,
Meet and re-meet, as tho' their hopes were plac'd
As widely opposite as the extremes
Of inconceivable unbounded space.
Then what is man ? think, O ye vain, ye proud !
What his achievements, glory, wealth, or fame ?
Where can the history reach of all his deeds ?
Scarce o'er the little molehill of this earth.
And what the various sects—Jews, Pagans, Turks,
With those who to the mighty Spirit bow,

The wand'ring Arabs, or the sable hordes
Who scorched dwell in Afric's torrid vales,—
Their idol gods, their temples, or their mosques,
And even Christians, with their numerous sects,
Divided, parted, and anatomiz'd,
Till almost ev'ry man 's a different creed?—
Astonish'd, he who thinks must make them one,
And breathe a fervent pray'r,—Heav'n bless the whole!

All works of man, perform'd with greatest art,
Shall change, shall waste, and into ruin turn.
Where are the pristine altars and the groves;
The first rude temples, and the sacred rocks;
The hieroglyphics, and the works of priests,
Written in characters to us unknown?
Where are the walls of Babylon? or where
The glorious splendour of the Trojan courts;
Egypt's geometry, and Grecian lore;—
The thrones of emperors; the crowns of kings;
The weapons of the warriors of old;

The martial airs which cheer'd the Roman hosts ;
The wreaths with which the conquerors were crown'd ?
All lost,—and dark oblivion wraps the whole !

The mighty Chinese empire yet may fall
Like those of Greece, of Egypt, and of Rome.
Canton, with all its millions, may decay,
And golden Hindoostan may yet arise,
Turn from its gods,—embrace the Christian creed.

Ye narrow-minded men, whose souls are bound,
Give wings to thought, and let your fancy soar !
See the toss'd ocean leaping at the rocks,
To tear them from their stations, and engulph
The pond'rous masses in its foaming jaws !
Behold the vessels wreck'd,—the wretched crews,
Pale with dread horrors, leave their grasp and sink,
Their last faint shrieks all lost in ocean's roar !
These are your fellow-mortals, and their state,
Man with his reason, reading, wit, and all,
May guess, but nought of certainty is there.

Next view the field of war,—behold the fray
On that small ant-hill, see the curling smoke,
And hear the roar which twice three leagues can drown.—
Stand at a distance, and the armies fade.
Let the volcano burst, the hosts are lost,—
Smoke, lava, ashes would entomb the whole!
Or did the earthquake open its wide jaws,
Victor and vanquish'd, armour, banners, all
Would sink,—and war be silent as the grave!

Search for great Hannibal or Cæsar now;
Where shines their grandeur? what can we behold
But some few letters which record their names?
Sage and philosopher, the ignorant and learn'd;
The tyrant hated, and the prince belov'd;
The statesman, patriot, poet, and mogul;
The Indian chiefs, the despicable deys;
Those who with microscopes behold the mite,
And they who calculate the comet's course,
Measure the distances of heav'nly orbs,
Number their satellites, and think they view

Islands and seas stretch'd o'er the distant spheres ;—
Kings, priests, and paupers—live, and then expire !

Had poets but thy pinions, they would soar
To taste the far-fam'd streams of Helicon ;
Artists and antiquarians, wing'd like thee,
Would fly to view the works of Grecian art,
Then soar to Atlas, or the pointed Alps,
And rest where mortal footsteps ne'er were seen :
Myriads would visit then the sacred place
Where heav'n's Eternal Majesty expir'd.
But man, proud man, with all his vaunted skill,
Must travel slowly o'er this atom globe,—
Tho' wonderful his new invented things,
His art still leaves him destitute of wings.

ALAS! WHERE ARE THEY?

“I betook myself to the repositories of the dead:—and I exclaimed in a plaintive tone, ‘Alas! where are they?’ and Echo replied, in the same plaintive tone, ‘Alas! where are they?’”—*From the Arabic.*

SORT! behold in the shade the dark abbey appearing;

Hark! yon sad plaintive voice,—it is Myra the fair:

The black robe of crape see the virgin is wearing,

And mourns her lost lover deposited there.

What a stillness! how solemn!—’tis awfully fine!

Night’s queen throws the dark cloudy veil from her face,

The ivy leaves tremble, as faintly they shine,
And silence is now the sole lord of the place:
'Twas thus when fair Myra turn'd slow from the dead,
And cried out—"Alas! where are they?"
Echo heard the sad sound—thro' the cloisters she fled,
And whisper'd in sorrow—"Alas! where are they?"

When the pale moon was shining upon the clear river,
Sad Laura went slowly to mourn o'er the dead;
Her husband, her son, and her daughter, for ever
Repos'd where the branches of cypress were spread.
She lean'd on the cold marble statue which stood
At the head of the tomb, till she fainted away!
She reviv'd!—the tears gush'd from her eyes like a flood,
As her words burst in anguish—"Alas! where are
they?"

'Twas silent around, and no answer was heard,
But Echo, which bore the sad question away,
Ask'd the grottos, the groves, and each sorrowful bird,
In soft dying cadence—"Alas! where are they?"

To the place of the dead we may walk deeply mourning,
To sigh o'er our children, our lover, or sire,
But from the dark shades there is now no returning,—
Without them in sorrow we weep and retire.
We may gaze on the turf, or the fine-sculptur'd bust,
And sorrowful ask—"Where are they?"
If a faint mournful voice seems to rise from the dust,
'Tis but soft plaintive Echo that asks—"Where are
they?"

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

LOVELY darlings ! can you dry
The sweat-drops from your father's brow ?
Can you wipe his faded eye,
Sunk with pain and sickness low ?

O ! my little prattling boy,
Gladly thou would'st ease my pain ;
Pleas'd, would'st give thy father joy,
But thy infant arts are vain.

Must I leave you here to mourn,
 With a mother deep distress'd,
 While I to the dust am borne,
 Where this aching head shall rest ?

Yes ! methinks I hear you say,
 “ Mother, when will father come ?
 “ Why is he so long away,
 “ Nor brings his weekly wages home ?”

Must I leave you ?—O thou Pow'r
 Supreme ! who seest the orphan's tears,
 Guard them thro' each infant hour,
 Watch them in maturer years !

SONG.

*(Written for a wounded Seaman, who fought at the
Battle of Trafalgar.)*

WITH my limbs in the deep,
And my locks all grown hoary,
By cowards insulted and poor,
Few think how I fought
For my country and glory,
Or know half the hardships I bore.

When the wars are all o'er
I am thought of no more,
The deeds of my valour are lost ;
Forgot is the day
Of Trafalgar's dread bay,
When my comrades to Neptune were toss'd.

Where the waves stood aghast
At the cannons' dread roaring,
And the white curling surges retir'd,
Brave Britons their broadsides
Were rapidly pouring,
By Nelson and glory inspir'd!

Then the prince of the deeps
His trident uprear'd,
A moment in wonder he gaz'd;
But, struck with great terrors,
He soon disappear'd,
Our cannon so dreadfully blaz'd!

In the midst of the conflict
Great Nelson undaunted,
Regarded nor balls nor the wave,
But order'd the grog
When the British tars wanted,
And told us what England expects from the brave!

MARY OF MARLEY.

At Marley stood the rural cot,
In Bingley's sweet sequester'd dale,
The spreading oaks enclos'd the spot
Where dwelt the beauty of the vale.

Bless'd with a small, but fruitful farm,
Beneath the high majestic hill,
Where Nature spread her every charm
That can the mind with pleasure fill.

Here bloom'd the maid nor vain nor proud,
But like an unapproached flower,
Hid from the flattery of the crowd,
Unconscious of her beauty's power.

Her ebon locks were richer far
Than is the raven's glossy plume;
Her eyes outshone the ev'ning star;
Her lovely cheeks the rose's bloom.

The mountain snow, that falls by night,
By which the bending heath is press'd,
Did never shine in purer white
Than was upon her virgin breast.

The blushes of her innocence
Great Nature's hand had pencil'd o'er;
And Modesty the veil had wrought
Which Mary, lovely virgin, wore.

At early morn each fav'rite cow
The tuneful voice of Mary knew ;
Their answers humm'd,—then wand'ring slow,
From daisies dash'd the pearly dew.

When lovely on the green she stood,
And to her poultry threw the grain,
Ringdoves and pheasants from the wood
Flew forth and glitter'd in her train.

The thrush upon the rosy bow'r
Would sit and sing while Mary stay'd ;
Her lambs their pasture frisked o'er,
And on the new-sprung clover fed.

She milk'd beneath the beech-tree's shade,
And there the turf was worn away,
Where cattle had for cent'ries laid,
To shun the summer's sultry ray.

Lysander, from the neighbouring vale,
Where Wharf's deceitful currents move,
To Mary told a fervent tale,
And Mary could not help but love.

The richest might have come and sigh'd ;
Lysander had her favour won. —
Her breast was constant as the tide,
And true as light is to the sun.

When winter, wrapp'd in gloomy storm,
Each dubious path had drifted o'er,
And whirl'd the snow in ev'ry form,
To Mary oft he cross'd the moor.

When western winds and pelting rain
Did mountain snows to rivers turn,
These swell'd, and roar'd, and foam'd in vain,
Affection help'd him o'er the bourn.

Until the last, the fatal night,

His footsteps slipp'd—the cruel tide

Danc'd and exulted with its freight,

Then lifeless cast him on its side !

How chang'd is lovely Mary now !

How pale and frantic she appears !

Description fails to paint her woe,

And numbers to recount her tears.

ON THE
ASCENT OF MR. GREEN'S BALLOON,

From Halifax, April 19, 1824.

BEHOLD th' assembled myriads near,—
The shouts, the drums, the trumpets hear,
When expectation 's on the wing
To see of aeronauts the king,
Rise in his ornamented car,
On wings of gas to soar afar !
Behold the beauties in the place,—
How pale is ev'ry lady's face,

When the decisive moment's near,
 And from the strings all hands are clear,
 Like some bright meteor's flame on high,
 Self-mov'd, he soars towards the sky !
 When he arrives a mile in height,
 What then are mortals in his sight ?
 All dwindled to a pigmy size,
 They look like emmets in his eyes.
 The steeples, halls, and verdant parks,
 Are in his view but little marks;
 The mountains seem but little hills,
 Broad rapid rivers look like rills,—
 And those alone who there have been,
 Can truly paint the circling scene.

The air balloon a picture is
 Of man's most elevated bliss.
 As on the wings of hope he hastes,
 He finds all earthly pleasure wastes.
 The sweetest bliss that man enjoys
 In its possession only cloy's ;

Tho' with good fortune for his gas
He o'er the clouds of want may pass,
Yet come a storm, the weaken'd air
May drop him on a sea of care.

The enthusiasts who soar on high,
And seem as if they'd grasp the sky,
With reason weak, and fancy strong,
Think all the sects but theirs are wrong ;
Condemn all creeds, and think that they
Alone are heirs of endless day.
They cling around their car of hopes,
Till dæmon Nature cuts the ropes.
As thro' this evil world they pass,
And fierce temptations waste their gas,
They downward fall—the phantom vain
Comes rapid to the earth again :
And when they can get breath to speak,
They own they are but mortals weak.

The playful boy, when young his hope,
First forms his weak balloon with soap ;

With joy bright glitt'ring in his eyes,
He views it from the tube arise,
Dances and laughs to see it soar
With Nature's colours painted o'er.
Thus miniature balloons of boys
Are emblems true of riper joys.

The gay coquette, whose thoughts despise
The sober youth, tho' e'er so wise,
Becomes a spendthrift's mistress soon,
And soars aloft in love's balloon,
Thro' all the gayest scenes they pass,—
Her marriage portion is the gas
That bears them in the circle gay,
And turns the midnight into day.
But after all these golden hours,
They find the air-borne chariot low'rs;
Their lofty flight they then repent,
For friends all fly from their descent,
And those who envied them before,
Rejoice to see their flying o'er.

The dashing youth, who sports along,
 Amid the wine, the dance, the song,
 The opera, the park, the ball,
 At Covent-Garden and Vauxhall,
 Upon the turf, or at the ring,
 / With gold enough, is just the thing.
 High in his atmosphere of pride
 With his balloon he loves to ride ;
 While round his car the nymphs attend,
 His ample fortune help to spend.
 For ballast he no reason takes,
 Till debts increas'd the phantom shakes ;
 He falls, amid the gloomy cloud
 Of creditors, and cries aloud,—
 “ Could I but live past moments o'er,
 “ Folly's balloon I'd mount no more !”

The tyrant, in his horrid car,
 Hung round with implements of war ;
 While on its edges sits rage and death,
 And murd' red myriads are beneath,

Elately rides,—his flags unfurl'd,
And waving o'er a prostrate world.
The ruin'd empires see him pass,
Pride and ambition for his gas ;
Despair below looks wildly up,
And frantic drinks the poisonous cup ;
Orphans and widows curse his flight,
And Mercy, weeping, shuns the sight !
When he to loftier heights would soar,
His ballast is the warrior's gore,
Which from his car the monster throws,
And sprinkles on the field of woes.
But He who rules above, looks down,—
His lightnings blaze—the tyrant's crown
Drops from his head,—his mighty car
Is broke upon the field of war !
The wounded warriors join with all
In joy to shout the tyrant's fall.

The humble poet, oft, alas !
Fills his balloon with fancy's gas ;

To see him launch it few attend,
He just is aided by one friend,
Who finds him ballast, silk, and ropes,
And keeps alive his trembling hopes ;
Then loos'd from earth and anxious care,
Aloft he springs upon the air ;
With lofty themes his passions glow,
The sordid world he views below ;
Thro' clouds he soars, and thinks he hears
The heav'nly chorus of the spheres.
He looks behind,—his fancy views
Close to his ear, the Tragic Muse ;
And, as in air he rides along,
She charms him with her solemn song.
Her car's adorn'd with sword and spear,
The dagger and the scimitar ;
The poisonous goblet,—broken crown,
And palaces half tumbled down.—
The bloody vest, the murder'd maid,
Are on the Muse's ear pourtray'd.

The wide-stretch'd scene is spread below,
Where rich meand'ring rivers flow ;
The flow'ry fields, the foaming seas,
The mountains topp'd with waving trees ;
The dancing nymphs, the sportive swains,
And crippled age, oppress'd with pains.—
Time present, past, and future, lies
All spread before his fancy's eyes ;
While his enraptur'd passions glow,
His lines in easy accents flow :
But humble bards must soon descend,
And in the shades their raptures end.

MAN'S LITTLE LIFE'S A LIFE OF CARE.

I'LL sing no more of cheerful things,
My lyre shall mourn in pensive strain,
The Muse with tears shall wet her wings,
And with her feeble voice complain :
Grief shall her future hours employ,—
No more her features shine with joy ;
Each day and night will I declare,—
Man's little life's a life of care !

Thro' every stage of life, what woe !
What various forms can sorrow take !
Pleasures may charm an hour or so,
But sorrows ever are awake !

142 MAN'S LITTLE LIFE'S A LIFE OF CARE.

Even infants, weeping at their birth,
As if they fear'd the ills of earth,
In feeble plaintive cries declare,—
Man's little life's a life of care !

How oft we see the youth at play
Sore griev'd and weeping o'er their toys ;
E'en in the morning of their day
Are sorrows blended with their joys :
Then 'tis the best to take the cup,
With resignation drink it up,
Since of this truth we are aware,
Man's little life's a life of care !

The youth on love's strong pinions soars
Far—far beyond what he can gain,
And sees the nymph his soul adores,
Reject him, heedless of his pain ;
While she must feel love's painful dart,
From one who slights her in his heart.
Thus, disappointed youths declare,—
Man's little life's a life of care !

Where is the busy tradesman's peace,
When losses after losses come ?
His rising family increase,
And ruin hastens to his home.
O'ercome with grief, he sits and sighs,
Broods o'er his sorrows in despair,
Then, weeping, to his partner cries,—
Man's little life's a life of care !

The sire, upon his crutches stay'd,
Weaken'd by age, disease, and pain;
His grey locks tott'ring on his head,
Declares the joys of earth are vain!
His joyless nights are spent in sighs,
His hearing lost and dim his eyes:
No hopes of shortest pleasure here,
He dies—and leaves a life of care !

I WILL LOVE THEE, MARY!

WHILE the larks mount up in spring,
While the grouse sport on the ling,
While the thrush and blackbird sing,
I will love thee, Mary!

While the heat of summer glows
On each daisy, pink, or rose,—
Come sweet pleasure or deep woes,
I will love thee, Mary!

When the harvest field appears

Yellow with the golden ears,—

Bless'd with joys, or press'd with cares,

I will love thee, Mary!

In the coldest winter's frost,

On the drifted mountain lost,

Or on foaming billows toss'd,

I will love thee, Mary!

Life may waste,—but still impress'd

Are thy virtues on my breast ;

Till in death my heart shall rest,

I will love thee, Mary!

MELPOMENE.

THE Tragic Muse, in sable mantle dress'd,
Majestically great above the rest,
With thoughtful look, and tears, and pallid cheek,
A comic line is scarcely heard to speak ;
For higher themes her feeling breast inspire
Than lyric measures or the keen satire.
The widow's woes,—the virgin's love, she sings,
The fate of heroes and the fall of kings;
On palaces in ruins, where the throne
Which now is broke, with regal grandeur shone,

Where once the beauteous chequer'd marble floor
With blood of kings was deeply crimson'd o'er ;
There like a widow on her husband's tomb,
She sits enshrin'd amid the tragic gloom,—
Paints ev'ry scene of ancient tyrants' deeds,
Then gazes on the ruins wrapp'd in weeds,
Till her rich mind replaces ev'ry stone,
And seats the murder'd monarch on the throne,
Musters his guards—which long in dust have been,
Beholds his knights, his heroes, and his queen ;
Sees the vile traitor, with his murd'ring train,
Act all his deeds of darkness o'er again ;
The courtiers lov'd to-day, and rais'd on high,
Frown'd on to-morrow, and their glories die ;
The dauntless heroes, mark'd with many a scar,
Rush on in search of glory to the war,
And on their arms the dread suspended fates
Of empires, kingdoms, or contending states ;—
Shrouded in terrors, while around her plays
In ev'ry form the lightning's vivid blaze.

Wading in blood, she marks the hero's fall,
While with her crimson pen she minutes all.
When to the charge the furious steeds advance,
And red with noble blood the glitt'ring lance,
The drums, the trumpets, and the clang of arms,
The rattling mail, and war's most dread alarms ;
The banners waving over either host,
The day hung doubtful—neither won nor lost ;
The smoking tow'rs, the city wrapp'd in fire,—
With loftier themes, the Tragic Muse inspire—
The noise of battle plumes her tow'ring wings,
And gives terrific grandeur while she sings !

MORNING IN MAY.

THE cascade's white mist o'er the trees is uprearing
Its white curling head from the valley below,
The bright glitt'ring dew-drops, like emeralds appearing,
All waken at once with Aurora to glow !

The dark low'ring tempests of winter are over,
And sweet is the breath of the high mountain gale ;
The hare leaves her favourite fields of white clover,
And starts as she treads the dry leaves in the vale.

The rooks and the ring-doves are flown to the fallow ;
From their dew-sprinkled pillows the daisies awake ;
From the thatch of the cottage skims forth the swift swallow,
And strikes into circles the smooth polish'd lake.

Near the stream the winds move not the weak-waving
willow ;
The cattle are laid on the bright dewy hill ;
On the clear rippled stream hush'd to rest ev'ry billow,—
The day-busy sons of the hamlet are still.

Hark ! the birds are all chaunting their song of the morning,
Ye virgins inviting to fields deck'd with dew !
The fresh op'ning flowers will greet your returning,
And bow their sweet heads in pure homage to you.

Blithe Health on the mountain sits smiling thus early,
With young Vernal Sweetness, her sister, in green.
While Virtue, their mother, who loves them so dearly,
Points out to her daughters the beautiful scene.

They call on the youths and the innocent lasses
To see the rich beauties of Nature half dress'd,
Forget all their joy-killing grief as it passes,
Live happy and love, for such moments are bless'd.

They sit on the hill where the bullfinch is bending
In beautiful plumage the weak birchen bough ;
With gay feather'd songsters their mellow notes blending,
In sweet rural chords, where the sloe-blossoms grow.

But to sing of the rich varied landscape before us,
With all the fine beauties that Nature displays,
Requires all the Muses to join in the chorus,
And sweet smiling cherubs to chaunt in its praise !

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

THE greatest Bard is fall'n that ever strung
The mighty lyre that swell'd from hell to heav'n,—
The sweetest minstrel mute that ever sung,
Since from the skies Apollo's harp was giv'n!

Tho' little minds may not lament his fall,
Nor bring one flow'r to form the mournful wreath—
He needs no wreath! for Fame has wove it all;
Wet with her tears—it blossoms at his death!

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON. 153

Its amaranthine leaves thro' time shall bloom,
Beyond the reach of Envy's ruthless hand !
Love, Liberty, and Genius guard his tomb,
And weeping there shall Grecian Freedom stand.

He sung of storms, and of the tempest wave,—
No theme on earth his mighty pen pass'd by;
From victory's height—down to the warrior's grave,
/ From earth's dark centre to the lofty sky !

Ye minor bards, unstring the feeble lyre !
Nor strive in Byron's lofty verse to mourn :
Four mighty poets only had the fire*
Fit to inscribe the lines beneath his urn !

* Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

FROM times of ancient Greece, the fair
By greatest poets have been sung,—
The virgins with the lovely air,
And all their beauties fresh and young;

But praises greater far are due
To her who braves the storms of life,
In ev'ry state her bosom true—
At ev'ry age the faithful wife.

How many nymphs have gain'd the praise
When blithe sixteen upon them shone ;
But soon the transient bloom decays,
And ev'ry outward beauty's gone.

While she who in her bosom bears
A spark of virtue's sacred fire,
Which like the purest gem appears,
When love's impetuous flames expire,

Is lovelier far when pale and cold—
She falls like autumn's ripen'd grain ;
Our mem'ries then her worth unfold,
And wish her here to shine again.

AIREDALE'S BEAUTIES.

POETS in varied verse may sing
The rivers, vales, and hills,
The dimpled lake, the crystal spring,
The groves and rippling rills;

The ancient domes, the lofty tow'rs,
The moss-rob'd ruins, grey,
The sylvan shades, the rosy bow'rs,
Where native beauties play.

To those, and twice ten thousand more,
The lyre has often rung ;
But since the ancient bards gave o'er,
Was ever Airedale sung ?

Why, O, ye youths—ye virgins fair,
Have you so long been mute ?
Nor touch'd it with some lovely air
To tremble on the lute ?

Are there no beauties glowing round,
No heliconian springs,
No echoes, answering ev'ry sound,
To animate your strings ?

No scenes where mountains' lofty heads
Like fam'd Parnassus rise ?
No crystal streams, on pebbly beds,
Reflecting half the skies ?

No rocks soft cushion'd o'er with moss,
As sofas for the fair?
No daisy-spangled meads to cross,
Within the vale of Aire?

Yes! here are bow'rs where eglantines
The fragrant roses bear;
And here the honeysuckle twines,
Perfuming sweet the air.

The lilachs and laburnams wave
Each beauteous flow'ry plume;
And evergreens, that winter brave,
The healthful breeze perfume.

Here are green woods, and springs, and bow'rs,
And purple-vestur'd hills,
And fields in yellow robes of flow'rs
Made bright with glitt'ring rills.

The crimson-crested grouse are there,
The whirring partridge grey,
The pheasants haunt the fountains clear,
And frisking leverets play.

The treble sings the lark on high,
In tenor joins the thrush ;
The bass the mellow blackbirds try
Upon the blossom'd bush.

How sweet the scent the zephyrs bring
From fields of clover white !
Not gardens of an eastern king
Can yield him such delight.

But not the heather's crimson bloom
Can with the cheeks compare,
Of those sweet maids, who nought assume,—
The nymphs of Yorkshire Aire !

Great Nature's hand has deck'd the scene
With silv'ry rich cascades ;
But what had all these beauties been,
Without the lovely maids ? .

The cowslip meads, the daisied fields,
The fragrant rosy bow'rs,
And all the sweets the valley yields,
When spring descends in show'rs,

Are all outshone with lovely maids,
That bloom when these grow pale,
Whose virtues live when beauty fades,—
The glory of the vale.

LOVE SANS REASON.

WILD's the night, my love, my Mary !

But I promis'd thee to meet ;

Winds and rain they sound so dreary,

Yet thou listenest for my feet !

Dark the woods which lie between us,

High the rocks I have to pass,

Where the nymphs and swains have seen us,

Each one happy with his lass.

Frail's the plank across the river,
Slipp'ry with a night of rain;
One false step—I'm gone for ever,
Ne'er to meet my love again!

Swoln the streams of ev'ry fountain,
Trackless is the stormy moor,
Capp'd with mist the lofty mountain
Which I have to wander o'er.

Tho' the winds be cold and dreary,
I have promis'd thee to meet;
If I reach my love, my deary,
'Twill but make our bliss more sweet!

What the rocks or misty mountains?
What the darkness of the woods?
What the roaring of the fountains,
Tho' the rills be swoln to floods?

What the trackless moor or river,
Tho' some dæmon should appear ?
Can those stop me ? O no,—never !
Three short hours will land me there.

Then my plaid I will throw o'er me,
Sing of Mary on the way ;
Tho' great dangers lie before me,
Yet I cannot, will not stay.

A NIGHT SCENE.

WHILE others love the concert, mask, or ball,
And walk in grandeur thro' the gazing crowd,
I'll seek the spot where bursting cataracts fall,
And o'er my head the tempest roars aloud,
While the deep dark abyss is murm'ring hoarse,
That the swoln stream comes rushing with such force.

There, when the moon's broad orb is glimmering se
Just rising in the orient atmosphere,
And trembling leaves but thinly intervene,
And night in all its glories doth appear,—
Pensive I'll walk, to study nature o'er,
And on the wings of meditation soar ;—

Listen the treble rills, with tinklings sweet,
Ring on the cavern's ancient rocky side ;
Behold them with the larger current meet,
Whose tenor murmurs on the stony tide ;
While the majestic bass the cataract roars,
Like the deep notes of ocean on its shores !

Such are the concerts that my soul admires ;
These I can hear with feelings of delight !
A solemn awe my thoughtful breast inspires,
When heav'n is deck'd by the great jeweller, Night !
Tis then my thoughts, on fancy's airy road,
Go far, and ask—"Where dwells great Nature's God?"

The shining orbs responsive answer—"Here !"
The twinkling glow-worms say by Him they shine !
The loud abyss deep murmurs he is there !
And ev'ry object shows a Pow'r Divine !
Nature proclaims Him there, in ev'ry part,
And conscience whispers—He can read my heart !

ON THE NEW CHURCH AT WILSDEN.

(Written April, 1824.)

WHAT temples, various, since old Time began,
Have on this little globe been rear'd by man !
What different kinds of gods been worshipp'd here,
Since earth, new form'd, was balanc'd in the sphere !
Some ere the pointed pyramids arose,
In lands remote, which scarce a modern knows.
The sumptuous Jewish temples—where are they,
Which seem'd to scorn old ruin and decay ?

When cost was nought,—and Asia at command
 Brought forth its treasures to the builder's hand :
 But now—would Europe golden millions give
 One column from those fabrics to receive,
 'Tis all in vain,—no stone nor Hebrew bust,
 But cent'ries since have been reduc'd to dust !
 All the old temples built when Hesiod sung,
 And those which stood when Homer's harp was strung,
 Are cover'd o'er with herbage or with trees,
 And not one stone the antiquarian sees.
 The abbeyes where " *Te Deum*" oft was sung,
 And where the instruments of music rung,
 Where " *Venite Exultemus*" us'd to rise
 In praise devout, ascending to the skies,
 Are cloth'd with ivy in its solemn green,
 And modern artists pencil o'er the scene.
 Successive storms the tow'rs in furrows wear,
 And on their columns dampy sweats appear ;
 The creeping shrubs upon the arches grow
 Suspended o'er the humbler weeds below ;

168 ON THE NEW CHURCH AT WILSDEN.

And high engrav'd upon the time-worn scroll,
Scarce legible, the words, " Pray for the soul."
'The grass waves wildly on the broken wall,
And ev'ry year some time-worn fragments fall.

Not so with thee, thou Church, so fair and new,
White as the polish'd marble to the view.—
Ere any stone is loosen'd from thy wall,
New states shall rise, and present empires fall !
Perhaps, like Greece, old Albion shall decay,
Ere those fine columns shall be worn away ;
Its commerce and its glory be no more,
And science fled to some far distant shore.
With lofty trees thou may'st be circled round,—
And here the deep-ton'd organ yet may sound.
A town may flourish on this barren hill,
Renown'd for science, commerce, wealth, and skill !

Here shall some pastor, learned, good, and just,
In solemn pause resign the dust to dust,—

Perform each office with a pious care,
And cheer the wretched sinking in despair.

The bride, with modest blushes on her face,
Shall lightly tread across the hallow'd place,
So fill'd with joy when to the altar led,
Joy, mix'd with fear,—a momentary dread!
Here will the pious sons and daughters mourn,
As slowly from a parent's tomb they turn;
Here shall the tuneful youths, the virgin train,
Join with the organ in a holy strain,
Touch'd by the sweet expressive warbling trills,
Which give the undescrib'd cold shiv'ring thrills,
Such as to those with feeling minds are giv'n,
Which charm the soul and lift it up to heav'n!

But diff'rent sects in time may yet arise,—
The present doctrines of the Church despise;
A future reformation yet may come,
And o'er our bless'd religion cast a gloom.

170 ON THE NEW CHURCH AT WILSDEN.

Such great mutations have all earthly things—
How oft have creeds been chang'd by different kings!
The future generations yet may hope
For heav'nly bliss thro' pardons from the pope.
The cross, the holy water, and the shrine
Of some fam'd saint may yet be thought divine!
But whatsoever doctrine here is giv'n,
May each succeeding pastor teach the way to heav'n!

LOVE ON THE HEATH.

ON the heath-vestur'd hills, where I courted my Sally,
Like stars was the bloom on the cranberry stalk ;
The wild birds, unknown to the throng-peopled valley,
Were all that could see us or listen our talk.

The pale yellow moss on the side of the mountain,
Far softer than velvet, invited our stay ;
And there by the rock, from whose foot gush'd the fountain,
We innocent lov'd the sweet moments away.

How oft she would say, when sat happy together,
 “ 'Tis thee—and thee only I ever can love !”
With breath far more sweet than the bloom on the heather,
 Her eyes far more comely than those of the dove.

How oft has she vow'd, while we walk'd o'er the rushes,
 With me, and me only she'd wander so far,
Then bent down her head with such beautiful blushes,—
 'Twas Modesty's hand that had painted them there.

On the heath thus we lov'd, and our love so delicious—
 If heaven e'er bless'd any mortals below,
It gave them such moments, unknown to the vicious,
 Which only in innocent bosoms can glow !

But, O ! how the pleasures of mortals are clouded,
 For Sally the heather-bells blossom no more !
With the cold robe of death my charmer is shrouded,
 And I on the heath must behold her no more !

ON A PLACE OF RURAL RETIREMENT.

HAIL, thou sequester'd rural seat,
Which ever beauteous dost appear,
' Where the sweet songsters oft repeat
Their varied concerts, wild and clear !

Upon thy crystal-bosom'd lake
Th' inverted rocks and trees are seen,
Adorn'd with many a snowy flake,
Or in their leafy robes of green.

174 ON A PLACE OF RURAL RETIREMENT.

O could a rural rhymers sing
The beauteous scenes so richly dress'd,
Where piety may plume her wing,
And sweet seclusion form her nest !

Here may the contemplative mind
Trace Nature and her beauties o'er,
And meditation rest reclin'd,
To hear the neighbouring cataract roar.

Here, tir'd of the gay scenes of life,
The sire may see his children play,
While heav'n has blest him with a wife,
Who smiles his happy hours away.

If ever fairies tripp'd along,
Or danc'd around in airy mirth,
They surely to this place would throng,—
Or else they never danc'd on earth.

The Loves and Graces here might stay ;
Th' enamour'd pair, with bosoms true,
Unseen appoint the nuptial day,
Among those scenes for ever new.—

The poet tune his rustic lyre,
If genius trembles on the strings ;
And merit modestly aspire,
Where friendship dwells to plume his wings.

O that I could this tribute pay
As 'tis upon my heart impress'd !
My song of friendship here would stay,
When waves the grass above my breast.

APPEAL OF THE SPANISH REFUGEES.

THE brave band of Mina's no more !
Riego is laid in the grave !
Iberia's freedom is o'er,—
'Tis now but the land of the slave !

The grapes need not hang on the vine,
The orange nor lemon appear ;
Let riches remain in the mine,
For many a traitor is there !

Ye warriors of Albion ! could we

But march in your columns to Spain,

The coward—the traitor would flee,

And liberty triumph again !

But now from our country afar,

For the loss of our freedom we mourn ;

Who once were the first in the war,

And scorn'd like the traitor to turn !

Freedom's banners we once bore on high,

And then were of warriors the pride ;

But now are we forced to fly

From the home—from the arms of the bride.

Now humbly we make the appeal

To the sons of bless'd liberty's isle ;

Our wants they in sympathy feel,

And anguish is chang'd to a smile !

178 APPEAL OF THE SPANISH REFUGEES.

O what are Iberia's fields,
Or what are the grapes on the vine,
To the joy which true liberty yields?
And, Britain, such blessings are thine !

Our struggle for freedom is o'er ;
The learned—the wealthy—the brave,
Have fled from Iberia's shore,—
'Tis now but the land of the slave !

SPORTS OF THE FIELD.

WHEN oaks are brown, and birches bare.

And not a bird is singing,

The sportsman drives away his care,

The speckled woodcocks springing.

True joy he in the country knows,

His faithful springers ranging

Among the hazel's yellow boughs,

Or holly, never changing.

When the long-bill'd woodcock springs,
Mark!—the sportsman calling,
The blue smoke curls, its useless wings—
Through the trees are falling.

There's many a man at this would sigh,
As sore against religion;
But at a feast just let him try
At woodcock, grouse, or widgeon.

LINES ON AN OLD OAK TREE,

Lately standing near Bradford.

BEHOLD the place, ye youths and virgins, see
Where stood your ancient oak, your fav'rite tree !
How chang'd is now the place from whence it sprung,
And, like yourselves, grew vig'rous, stout, and strong !
Unmov'd it stood each storm and wint'ry blast,
While o'er its head revolving cent'ries past.—
Perhaps two hundred years it still improv'd,
Two hundred more by wasting time unmov'd ;

But recently, as greatest mortals die,
It met its fate—see where its fragments lie !
What veneration once the tree receiv'd,—
Respected by the rich and poor it liv'd :
Beneath its shade the pious breath'd their pray'rs ;
Beneath its shade the wretched left their tears ;
Beneath its shade have parting lovers stood,
While from the fair one's eyes escap'd the flood.
Beneath the shelter of the fav'rite oak,
What vows were made, by faithless lovers broke !
But now, alas ! ye antiquarians, mourn,
Your tree is gone, and never can return.
No more can you its ancient arms behold,
Wither'd by time, and crumbling into mould.
Its infancy, its youth and manhood past,
Tho' heart of oak, 'tis forc'd to yield at last.
But, had it liv'd in Studley's peaceful shades,
Nor delvers' mattocks, hammers, nor their spades
Had e'er been rais'd by the unfeeling clown,
To strike this only ancient vestige down.

Had it been mine, it should not yet have dropp'd,
But, where 'twas weak, I had its weakness propp'd.
Told o'er its story to the feeling breast,
And kept the tree while Bradford keeps its crest.
But why lament? since Nature says that all
That springs from earth, to earth again must fall.
So must the stately tow'rs of polish'd stone
Crumble to earth, and wear a mossy crown,
While nettles form their canopies of state,
And rankest weeds but mock their change of fate.
The sculptur'd marble monuments decay,
And crowns, and thrones, and statues fade away.
The mighty monarch, and the warrior, brave,
The greatest sultan and the meanest slave,
The wretched miser and most beauteous fair,
The rich possessor and succeeding heir,
Princes and courtiers, chiefs of ev'ry state,
Both high and low, must all submit to fate.
So, rest in peace, fam'd oak, tho' doom'd to fall,
For such a mighty change awaits us all!

NOTES.

Page 2, line 2.

To sing of Gordale—its tremendous source.

“ The approach to Gordale, on the east side of the village of Malham, is through a stony and desolate valley, without a single object to divert the attention from the stupendous scene before it. Gordale is one solid mass of limestone rock, nearly of equal height with Malham Cove, cleft asunder by some great convulsion of nature, and opening its ‘marble jaws’ on the right and left. The sensation of horror is increased by the projection of either side from its base, so that the stupendous rocks admit only a narrow line of daylight from above.” But to attempt a description of this most romantic place would be presumption; for, after all that can possibly be said, Gordale must be seen to be conceived. “Bishop Pococke, who had seen all that was great and terrible in the rocks of Judea and Arabia, declared he had never seen any place comparable to Gordale.”

Page 3, line 14.

Stands, rudely great, old Matham's lofty Cove.

"The Cove is an immense assemblage of rocks, 268 feet in height, stretched in the shape of the segment of a circle across the whole valley, and forming a termination at once so august and tremendous, that the imagination can scarcely figure to itself any form or scale of rocks, within the bounds of probability, that can go beyond it. In rainy seasons, the overflowings of the Tarn are precipitated from the summit of the Cove, in one of the most stupendous cataracts that can be conceived."

Page 3, line 17.

*Here the brave Percies, foremost in the chace,
Were follow'd by the sons of Clifford's race;
Listers and Tempests, on the jocund morn,
Obey'd the cheerful summons of the horn;
Mathams and Martons, on their hunters' fleet,
Scatter'd the moortand moss beneath their feet.*

The Knights of Craven were undoubtedly brave, bold, and resolute followers of the chace; they not only had the fox and hare, but the wolf and wild boar were not extinct in Craven, at the commencement of the 14th century. A hunter, together with hounds, were kept at Bolton. The Knights of Craven, from the 12th to the 15th centuries, were Tempest, Hammerton, Pudsay, Lister, Marton, Malham, Hebden, Hartlinton, Rilston, Middleton, and Eshton; and imagina-

tion sees them and their sons pursuing the chase with many of the illustrious Cliffords.

Page 4, line 17.

*As when the sons of Gargrave sallied forth
To meet the fierce invaders from the north.*

“ After the fatal battle of Banockburn, the Scots overran the North of England; and Craven, abounding with cattle, was oft the scene of their depredations. In the year 1316, and three or four following ones, they often repeated their unwelcome visits. In 1320, they so completely ruined the Priory of Bolton, that the prior and canons dispersed. The next year, these marauders paid a third visit, when the moveables of Bolton were carried to Skipton Castle. In one of these invasions, the men of Gargrave, near Skipton, met a party of the plunderers, on the north-west side of Coniston-Moor, at a place called Sweet-Gap, and were almost cut off to a man.”

Page 5, line 1.

Death thro' Northumbria's fields had mark'd their way.

“ In the year 1138, while David, king of Scotland, was engaged in the siege of Norham, he detached the Picts, and part of the Scottish army, under the command of William, Son of Duncan, his nephew, into Yorkshire. There they laid waste the possessions of a celebrated monastery, and the province called Craffna, (now Craven,) with fire and sword. In this work of devastation, no rank, nor age, nor sex was spared. Children were butchered before the face of their parents, hus-

bands in sight of their wives, and wives in the presence of their husbands ; matrons and virgins of rank were carried away indiscriminately with other plunder ; they were stripped, bound together with ropes, and goaded along like cattle, with the points of swords and lances !

Page 5, line 4.

Their dwellings plunder'd, and their churches fir'd.

“ Not content with plunder and death, the Scots set fire to their churches, though they had dearly paid for their depredations at the Battle of the Standard, fought near North-Allerton, Yorkshire ; at which place, David, king of Scots, was completely routed. The real standard was there displayed.—This was a huge chariot upon wheels, with a mast of prodigious height fixed in it, on the top of which was a cross, and underneath a banner. This was a signal used only in the greatest expeditions, and was looked upon as a sacred altar.”

Page 7, line 8.

Led to the allar Cicily the Fair.

The fee of Skipton, before the conquest, was the property of the Earl Edwin, the son of Leofwine, and brother of Leofric, earls of Mercia. After Edwin had forfeited the estates, the family became possessed of them again, by the marriage of Wm. de Meschinès with Cicily de Romili. The history of the Romilis, their founding Bolton Priory, and the untimely fate of the boy of Egremont, are so well known that they need not be copied here.

Page 7, line 19.

*Banners, which wav'd when shields and helmets rung,
Were all to Skipton brought, and safely hung
High in the tow'r.—*

It was customary, in the days of chivalry, to deposit shields, banners, helmets, &c. in the strong towers of castles.

Page 8, line 6.

And silrer'd robes the ancient Cliffords wore.

The robes of Earl Clifford, in 1525, were of crimson velvet and ermine, his dress shoes of velvet, the “chapè” of his sword, silver gilt.

For an account of the splendour of their dresses, see Dr. Whitaker's Hist. Craven, p. 291, et seq.

The following is an enumeration of some of the hangings of the Cliffords, copied by Dr. Whitaker from an ancient MS. :

One teaster of tynsel and black velvet, with armes, havinge curtaines of sylke, with frynges. Item, one teaster of black velvet and tynsel, with curtyanes of silke, and fringes of silke and golde. One other old teaster of velvet, pinked with gold and tawny satten. Item, one old teaster of tinsel and black sattin, with dragon and the anglet. 1 a 6-peice of hanginge of destruction of Troye. Item, a tenth peice of the storie of David.

Page 8, line 11.

Upon each dish the dragon was pourtray'd.

See the valuation of the plate at Skipton Castle in Dr.

Whitaker's Craven, from which the following is an extract :—

“ Item, XX silver plates, some with dragons, and the rest with lyberds heads. One standyng cup, with a like image of a boy standing upon three eagles.” There were likewise other pieces of plate, with the portcullis, &c. engraven upon them, of which we can now form no conception.

Page 10, line 8.

The valley shone in robes of golden hue.

The wild ranunculus grows in such profusion in the valley above and below Skipton, that it appears clothed in a beautiful robe of yellow during the months of May and June.

Page 21, line 1.

*Where winding Aire, enamour'd of the place,
Moves on so slow, it seems to stop and gaze.*

The fall in the course of the Aire, from Gargrave to Bingley, is so little, that the river seems to labour with difficulty in pursuing its course; in many places creeping slowly in the opposite direction, as if it wished to return to its source. This has a very beautiful effect in a morning or evening, when the rays of the sun are thrown upon it. The resplendent reflections are seen in a variety of points, so as to make the valley appear as though it was filled with a variety of small lakes.

Page 21, line 16.

There once a Castle stood, tho' lost to fame.

Dodsworth, who visited Bingley in 1621, says there was a park there, and a castle on a hill, called Bailey-Hill, of which nothing more than the name and tradition now remain.

Page 22, line 6.

Since on its banks the ancient Druids rang'd.

To give the history of the Druids would swell the volume beyond its intended limits, and only be superfluous. They had, undoubtedly, an altar west of Bingley. The rocks, which still retain the name of The Altar, situated upon a lofty eminence, deeply marked with the fire of sacrifice; the beautiful valley beneath, favourable to the growth of the oak, and eligible for their sacred groves, place it beyond all doubt that the valley of Bingley was once the residence of the ancient priests of the Britons.

Page 22, line 7.

The fords, which once the Roman cohorts cross'd.

These must have been, according to the line of the Roman road, from Olicano to Mancunium, (Ilkley and Manchester of the present day,) between Riddlesden-Hall and Marley, in the parish of Bingley; as the two remaining fragments, one on Romili's-Moor, and the other near Cullingworth, are in that

direction. Portions of Roman strata are only to be found on the uncultivated wastes ; they are long since destroyed in the inclosures.

Page 24, line 14.

As tho' a far more dulcet peal was there !

Few peals in the West-Riding of Yorkshire are placed among so many different points of echo as that of Bingley. A stranger, not seeing the tower of the church, would often be at a loss to know from whence the sounds proceeded.

Page 29, line 3.

*And slowly as their clouds of incense roll,
The fragrant grateful scent perfumes the whole.*

“ The use of perfumes,” says Dr. Whitaker, “ is a pleasing and elegant part of the Catholic ritual ; which, if it could be adopted in our congregations, without offending the bigotry of Puritanism, might have a pleasing and wholesome effect in correcting the effluvia arising from crowded congregations.

“ The power of show in religion, the pomp and pageantry of the Romish church, steals insensibly upon the imagination, in defiance of enlightened reason and Protestant principle ! How easy then must it have been to bribe the senses of rustics, who saw no other splendid scenes but those of earth and heaven, heard little music but that of birds, and inhaled no other perfumes than those of the field, especially when it is considered that natural charms can only be enjoyed by culti-

vated minds, while the artificial and gorgeous strike with greater force upon the rudest."

Is is stated that Lord Bolingbroke, in defiance of his infidelity, was highly affected by attending high mass.

Page 29, line 7.

*Beholds the Abbot in his robes array'd,
The altar wet, where once Turgusius pray'd.*

Turgusius was the fourth abbot of Kirkstall. He was a severe chastiser of his body; constantly clad in hair-cloth, and frequently repeating to himself, "those who are clothed in soft raiment are in kings' houses." His clothing was alike in all seasons, being only a tunic and a cowl. His body was so habituated to this discipline, that he appeared equally insensible to the heat of dog-days and the cold of January. In the severest weather, he endured the night-watches without shoes; and when his well-clad brethren were almost stiff with frost, he gave himself to the praises of God, and repelled the cold without by the heat of devotion within. Yet none was more mild and affable than Turgusius. His abstinence was extreme. He never tasted wine nor flesh. Fish he permitted to be set before him for his friends, not for himself. His compunctions knew no bounds; in common conversation, he scarcely refrained from weeping. At the altar he never celebrated without such a profusion of tears, that his eyes might be said rather to rain than weep; insomuch, that the sacerdotal vestment he officiated in, could not be used until it was

dried. After nine years' presidency, he retired to Fountains' Abbey, where he died.

Page 30, line 13.

When ancient records, kept with pious care.

Had it not been for the religious houses, what would have become of the works of antiquity, or even of the Scriptures themselves? Had they been in the hands of the illiterate in the dark ages, scarce a line of the Greek and Roman authors would have been now beheld; and no doubt a great many valuable works were destroyed at the dissolution of houses in this district, and those that were founded by the Percies, Lacies, and Romilis, viz. Sawley, by Percy; Kirkstall, by Lacy; and Bolton, by Romili.

Page 34, line 1.

*When Towton's plain
Was crimson'd o'er with thirty thousand slain.*

“ The true English Pharsalia was between Caxton and Towton. Here was the greatest engagement, and the strongest army that was ever seen in England; no fewer than one hundred thousand men, under the command of two daring and furious generals, engaged here on Palm Sunday, in the year 1461. The victory continued for a long time doubtful, but at

last the Lancastrians proved the weakest by being too strong, for their numbers proved cumbersome and unwieldy, which first caused disorder and then flight; the York party pursuing them. The fight was so bloody that 36,000 men were cut off, among whom were a great many of the nobility."

Page 64, line 10.

*They act such deeds as make e'en barons swear,
Break down their fine park walls and take the deer.*

The Poachers in the southern parts of Craven, a few centuries ago, seem not to have meddled with the hare, pheasant, grouse, &c., but to have stolen the deer out of the parks, and nothing seems to have given the lords greater offence.

Page 66, line 6.

A better workman seldom took the field.

Whether as husbandmen, or employed in the manufactures, there are very few better or abler workmen than Poachers, who are used to hardships and great bodily exertion, and can perform their labour with the greatest expedition.

Page 79, line 15.

*How oft have I, with exultation great,
Stood list'ning to the singing of his feet.*

Some dogs never bark when in pursuit of game, and can only be heard by the noise which they make with running, styled by Poachers—Singing at the feet.

Page 81, line 9.

*Not to the ale-house did the group retire,
But drank and smok'd around the Poacher's fire.*

It is well known that there are two distinct classes of Poachers, one of a desperate description, who, having been fined or imprisoned several times, are determined to be revenged, knowing that if they again be taken, they need not expect any thing else but a heavier penalty or a longer imprisonment. The other class are those who are afraid of every bush, and will fly even at their own shadow. These, in general, commit their depredations in their own neighbourhood ; while the other range perhaps in a circuit of twenty miles,—to whom rivers are no obstacle, nor are they hindered by the most stormy nights: they can obtain game in such quantities, that they have sometimes even a superfluity of money, which they spend in the Poacher's lonely cot. It not unfrequently happens, that to make money, the veteran Poachers sell their tackling to the junior ones, at much above what they really cost, and, in the character of game-keepers, take them from them the next night.

Page 86, line 13.

*Here stands the tree to which the cord is tied,
And there my game across the river ride,
Then I the bridge securely travel o'er,
And none take oath that murder'd game I bore.*

Suppose three are in a gang, who are going into a gentle-

man's grounds, between them and which there is a river which cannot be forded, and they have to pass over a bridge which is guarded. Being provided with a large oil-case, and a string which will go three times over the river, they tie a leaden ball to the end of it, and throw it over the stream. Their implements are then put into the oil-case, and fastened to the cord, while one goes over the bridge, to the place where the ball is thrown, and draws the oil-case over, containing shot, powder, nets, &c. which, by this means, are all kept perfectly dry. In the same manner is all the game they get drawn over, though the river should be swollen to a great degree. In passing the bridge, should they be searched, nothing suspicious is found upon them.

I had once intended to have written more Notes explanatory of the Poacher; but, when I considered that it would be only throwing light on practices already too much known, I thought it best to desist.

Page 183, line 4.

And kept the tree while Bradford keeps its crest.

There is a tradition, that, some centuries ago, the wood which then surrounded the Church at Bradford, was infested with a furious wild boar, which was the terror of the neighbourhood. A reward was offered by government for the head or tongue of this animal; and it is asserted that it was shot while in the act of drinking at a well near an oak tree, which was, not long since, standing. The hero who accomplished the feat, stationed himself behind this identical tree,—and as soon

as he had dispatched the monster, he proceeded to cut out its tongue, with which he hastened to receive the reward. In the mean time the animal was found dead by another person, who immediately cut off its head, and would have succeeded in obtaining the reward, had not the hero who actually killed the animal arrived with its tongue. From this circumstance it is supposed the arms of Bradford originated, the crest of which is a boar's head.

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